The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY

American Outcry at German Jew-Baiting

THE GERMAN REPUBLIC ENDS.

The "Third Reich" is born.

The place is Potsdam, and the date is March 21. Hitler's Fascist "new and national Germany" is ushered in, with all the panoply of military parades, salutes, and uniforms, with tributes to Frederick the Great, the old Empire, and the old Prussian spirit, with the old Imperial colors replacing the Republican flag, and with Crown Prince Wilhelm leading the cheers. And following the symbolic ceremonies at Potsdam, Germans are told by one Nazi leader that "the spirit of Weimar is dead, the spirit of Potsdam lives," and by another, "Prussianism and Naziism are identical."

And Hitler's followers, in the words of a leading German-American paper, the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, "celebrate their victory by an unjust and insane persecution of the Jews of Germany." This characterization is echoed by leaders of all races and religions in England and the United States. American press condemnation of this persecution is quoted a little further on.

"The old Prussian spirit has come into its own," comments the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. The rise of dictators to success in Russia, Hungary, Spain, Serbia, Roumania, Italy, and now Germany, has borne in each case the same earmarks, as the Jersey City *Journal* sees it:

"First, suppress the free press.

"Second, suppress the right to assemble peaceably to discuss public questions.

"Third, suppress the right to free speech.

"Fourth, put the Church and religion out of the way.

"Fifth, murder, execute, or exile, but at least make life miserable, for all who do not prove docile enough to submit meekly.

"Sixth, pretend that every action is constitutional, even if the pretension is absurd, but gradually develop a new Constitution which will perpetuate the powers of the dictator until the hand of death or the rising tide of popular resentment shall inevitably remove him from the position which he has usurped."

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Jewish Veterans Protest

Here they move off in a march to New York's City Hall to ask Mayor O'Brien's support in protests against the reported mistreatment of members of their race in Germany. And this is only one small section of nation-wide demonstrations.

Let us consider what happened "Potsdam Day," the twenty-first of March—which, if Hitlerism lasts, may become a German national holiday. Hitler and his clever master of propaganda, Dr. Goebbels, gave Germany its biggest celebration since the war. Perhaps forty million Germans were able to listen in on the Potsdam program and the ceremonies of the formal opening of the Reichstag in the old Garrison church, where Frederick the Great is buried. To let John Elliott, New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, describe the scene:

"As the famous chimes of the Garrison church rang the hour of twelve, President Paul von Hindenburg, who as a lieutenant of twenty-three beheld the establishment of the Hohenzollern Empire by Bismarck at Versailles in 1871, now, at eighty-five, as the venerable leader of the German Armies in the World War and the head of the State, ushered in the new political order by calling on the representatives in Parliament to perform their duties in the spirit of 'the old Prussia.'

"When he had finished, Chancellor Adolf Hitler delivered an address laying down the principles on which his 'authoritarian' government will work.

"The morning's ceremony was closed with the laying of a laurel wreath on the grave of Frederick the Great by President von Hindenburg, symbolizing that the link between the old Prussia and modern Germany, broken temporarily by the Republicans at Weimar, has been forged anew.

"The audience which saw this gesture looked on with feelings as varied as its dress.

"The 288 Nazi Deputies elected to the Reichstag on March 5,

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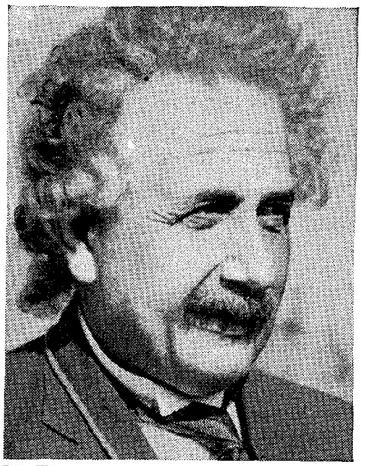

Wide World

His Home Ransacked

Prof. Albert Einstein, the Jewish scientist and pacifist, whose dwelling was searched for arms by a band of Nazis. They found one bread-knife.

in their brown shirts and black trousers, witnessed the services as a visible sign of the political triumph of their movement, which only a year ago was repressed by the authorities."

In the evening the new Reichstag met in Berlin for organization, with the Communist members barred, and heard their reelected presiding officer, Herr Goering, say: "The spirit of Weimar is dead, the spirit of Potsdam, which stands for duty, discipline, work, and cleanliness lives."

Two days later, the Reichstag, by a vote of 441 to 94, granted Adolf Hitler complete dictatorial powers until 1937, placing him even above the Constitution of the Republic. The brown-shirted Hitler made a speech attacking Communism and Socialism, declaring that the question of a monarchistic restoration was "not for discussion now," and insisting that "treason against the people must be exterminated with ruthlessness."

The same day's news told of the tide of protest in the United States against the Nazi attacks on Jews which had risen to a climax of terrorism in the days just preceding the celebration at Potsdam. American Jews declared days of fasting. Jewish war veterans paraded the streets of New York in protest. Distinguished Protestants and Catholics, leaders in all walks of life, joined in eloquent condemnation of the Hitlerite persecutions. In Washington, Congressmen called for governmental protests to Germany, and the State Department asked its representatives in the Reich to investigate the reported persecution. A series of mass meetings voiced protests of Jews and Gentiles in a dozen cities.

Prof. Albert Einstein told reporters in New York that he did not intend to put foot on German soil again "as long as conditions in Germany are as they are," and a few days later sailed for Antwerp.

And what are these conditions? Jews come from Germany to neighboring lands telling stories of eyes gouged out, castor-oil poured down throats, feet burned with red-hot irons. After the election early in March, Hitler called for a curb on rowdyism, but excesses continued, according to press reports. Six victims were Jews of American citizenship. Protests were made by the American Embassy, but a decree giving amnesty to those in prison for "past excesses committed in the heat of the battle for national resurgence" would seem to block any punishment of those responsible.

In Vienna, which has become an asylum for German liberals and Jews, the newspapers have daily reports of the "terroristic campaign." The *Montag's Zeitung* prints an interview with "one of the best-known personalities in Germany," now a refugee in Vienna, for whose authenticity the newspaper vouches, giving details of Nazi cruelty:

"I spent fourteen days in cells in Spandau fortress and then a night in a cell in Berlin police headquarters with sixty-two other prisoners. These men, mostly workingmen and Jewish passers-by, had been beaten half to death.

"I saw men whose eyes had been gouged out. The teeth of most of them had been knocked out with rifle butts. Their hands had been burned. All the Jews had been thrown on the floor, and Nazi storm troopers had jumped on them, until they fainted."

After the early excesses, and following the plea of Dr. Friedrich von Winterfeld, chairman of Dr. Alfred Hugenberg's Nationalist party, Hitler ordered a curb on Nazist rowdyism. But the swashbucklers, according to press reports, continued their depredations in Jewish homes and stores. In a speech in Essen, Captain Goering, Minister without portfolio and Prussian Interior Minister, declares, we read in the New York *Times:*

"I am told that I must call out the police. Indeed, I am going to employ the police, and ruthlessly, wherever German people are injured [cries of 'bravo'], but I refuse to turn the police into a guard for Jew stores [stormy applause].

"An end must be made of the nuisance that every cheat can appeal to the police for protection. There is as much excitement as if every morning there were two or three thousand dead, when, as a matter of fact, no one has so much as lost a nose or an ear."

Acme

His Music Driven Out

Bruno Walter, the Jewish orchestra conductor, who will wield the baton in Germany no more —at any rate, not until happier days return.

Meantime, the United Press reports German refugees seeking a haven in Strasbourg, bringing with them circumstantial reports of the mistreatment of prominent French Jews in the Rhineland. One incident concerns an attack in which the man's home in Cologne was invaded, vinegar forced down his throat, mustard thrown into his eyes, his feet burned with torches, and his body then drenched with water. Afterward he was paraded through the streets, preceded by a bugler, and thrown into a coal cellar.

While a strict censorship clamps down the lid on stories from Germany, Paris and Vienna are regaled with fresh tales of persecutions told by refugees streaming across the German border. One refugee in Geneva tells, as quoted in the New York *Daily Mirror*, of having seen "a Potsdam shopkeeper crawl on hands and knees from his shop to his home around the corner, the soles of his bare feet blackened and cracked by fire torture, because he is a Jew"; of having seen a Berlin justice "flee his bench before a shower of inkwells and filth thrown at him by his own bailiffs and the prisoners he was to judge, because he is a Jew."

(*Continued on page 28*)

Acme

His Writings Stolen

Lion Feuchtwanger, the Jewish novelist, whose home, like Einstein's, was raided. Manuscripts were taken away and portraits of many world-famous people.

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Enlisting the Jobless to Smash the Depression

"RADICAL, BUT WHY NOT?"

Such is the Roosevelt unemployment plan, says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, in a great industrial center, viewing with confidence this drastic proposal embodied in one of the series of startling, rapid-fire messages that have been popping from the White House ever since March 4.

"Who will seriously argue that a revolutionary attack is not justified in the present emergency?"

With similar equanimity many other papers survey the plan which would give America the innovation of jobless men enlisted for a year of work, assigned to camps, and fed, housed and paid a dollar a day by Uncle Sam. By early summer Mr. Roosevelt would have 250,000 men at work planting trees or swinging pick and shovel on soil-erosion, flood-prevention, and road-building projects.

But a storm of protest rises from those who see peril in the plan. Organized labor rejects the proposal. In the dollar-a-day pay it sees a threat to regular wage standards. In the recruiting and camp idea it sees conscription of labor.

So violent was the disagreement caused by announcement of the President's proposal that Representative William P. Connery, Massachusetts Democrat, chairman of the House Labor Committee, balked and refused to introduce the bill. Nevertheless, the measure was before both Houses within two hours after the President's message.

"I propose," said the President, "to create a civilian conservation corps to be used in simple work, not interfering with normal employment, and confining itself to forestry, the prevention of soil erosion, flood control, and similar projects.

"I call your attention to the fact that this type of work is of definite, practical value, not only through the prevention of great present financial loss, but also as a means of creating future national wealth."

Mr. Roosevelt asked no new funds at this time since "the use of unobligated funds, now appropriated for public works [about $200,000,000], will be sufficient for several months." Then arguing earnestly for his plan:

"More important, however, than the material gains will be the moral and spiritual value of such work. The overwhelming majority of unemployed Americans who are now walking the streets and receiving private or public relief would infinitely prefer to work. We can take a vast army of these unemployed out into healthful surroundings.

"We can eliminate to some extent at least the threat that enforced idleness brings to spiritual and moral stability. It is a step in this emergency. I ask its adoption."

A FEW hours after the President's message was made public, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, issued a statement deploring "the regimentation of labor through enlistment in the civilian conservation corps, under military discipline and military control."

"Labor will be greatly alarmed," he adds, "because it will fear that the imposition of a form of compulsory service, under military control and Army rates of pay," will lower wage scales.

The inauguration of a reforestation and reclamation problem "is laudable in itself," Mr. Green finds, "but labor believes that the workers employed should be paid the prevailing rate of wages for the work performed, and should be permitted to work as free men under normal working conditions."

But the President and his advisers do not see the elements of "forced labor and military service" which Mr. Green denounces. This we are told by Ernest K. Lindley, whose Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* clarifies the plan:

"The only discipline contemplated by the President, it is explained, is that required for health and order in any community of men living in cantonments or tent cities. The one-year enlistment period prescribed in the bill is only intended to insure that workers do not drift in and out irresponsibly. It was made clear that any worker would be free to leave to obtain a job or for any other legitimate reason.

"With regard to the effect on the wage standard, friends of the Administration made two points. The first is that the men who will be enlisted have no chance to obtain other work anyway and that not they, but the total of 12,000,000 or more unemployed, are the real menace to the wage-level.

"The second is that in most parts of the country $2 a day is approximately the normal wage for unskilled outdoor labor. The members of the conservation corps will receive $1 a day in cash. The cost of clothing, feeding, and sheltering them is estimated at another $1 a day each."

The Galloping Snail

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

"IT is a daring proposal," says the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "but just such a proposal is needed to meet the present emergency." "This plan alone will not, of course, solve the unemployment problem," says the Washington *News*, but "it will be a beginning and a beginning in the right direction."

Only a few papers are downright hostile to the scheme. One of these is the Communist New York *Daily Worker*, which assails it as "a military starvation program for the jobless."

After asserting that the plan "will not solve the unemployment problem," that "it is not right in principle," and that "it comes too close to forced conscription of Labor," the Philadelphia *Record* does the unexpected by adding:

"But *The Record* is willing to go along in this emergency. At least something is being done. At least the Federal Government is turning its attention to the individual unemployed."

The New York *Journal of Commerce* strikes a warning note that "all made-work plans are relatively costly when considered in relation to the amount of employment given."

However, the Newark *Evening News* is confident that the President will get the authority asked, "tho he specifies only broadly how it will be used." For—

"By unremitting attack upon outstanding problems with hammer-blow upon hammer-blow of constructive planning and action, he has consolidated the confidence of the country behind him."

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The Case For and Against the Farm Bill

"ANOTHER NOBLE EXPERIMENT due for certain death."

"The child of the jig-saw puzzle age."

A measure which "came from Russia full of horrors."

Thus House opponents slashed at the Roosevelt farm bill, the drastic, highly complicated measure which aims to benefit the long-suffering American farmer at an estimated cost of $800,000,000, to be paid by the consumer.

But defenders of the bill see in this "major social experiment" a hope for national recovery. They repeat the words of Secretary of Agriculture Wallace that "it is national relief" as well as farm relief, for "millions of urban unemployed will have a better chance of going back to work when farm purchasing power rises enough to buy the products of city factories."

Across the country rumbles an editorial debate on this far-reaching measure, which would make the Secretary of Agriculture a "dictator." Some assert flatly, with the Seattle *Times* out on the coast, that "the plan will not work." Others agree with the Houston *Chronicle*, down in Texas, that the proposal is "none too drastic for the needs of the times," and that with the banking situation stabilized and beer legislation passed "surely the farmers of the country have a right to expect that they shall be third in the order of legislative attention."

Many who support the measure have misgivings about its success. But friends and foes alike are heartened by President Roosevelt's frank acknowledgment that it is "a new and untrod path" and his assurance that "if it does not produce the hoped-for results, I shall be the first to acknowledge it and advise you."

Putting a Point on the Big Stick

—Bishop in the St. Louis "Star and Times."

Before giving further comment, let us examine more closely the provisions of the bill which were outlined in our last issue. The measure "is regarded," says Dewey L. Fleming, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, "as a victory for leaders of fifty farm organizations which for ten years have been battling to get White House approval of a measure embodying the principle of agricultural parity with industry."

AFFECTING nine basic crops, the bill contains three separate plans. The way it would work is explained clearly by Mark Sullivan in one of his copyrighted dispatches to the New York *Herald Tribune*. First he pictures the Secretary of Agriculture saying to the cotton farmer:

"You are about to plant a new crop of cotton. That will only add to the immense quantity of cotton already hanging over the market. It will cost you, say, seven cents a pound to plant, raise, and pick each pound of new cotton. I propose a different way. I propose that you refrain from planting some of the new crop.

"If you leave some of your land idle for a year the Government will carry out the following proposition: The Government has on hand an immense quantity of cotton which it bought in an effort to keep the price up. The Government will give you an option to buy some of this government-owned cotton at, say, seven cents a pound.

"From your point of view, instead of spending, say, seven cents to raise a new pound of cotton, spend that seven cents in buying an old pound of government cotton. Thus you will save your labor. Also, by this plan there will be less cotton in existence next fall. Consequently cotton should be higher in price. By the option we give you to buy our cotton at, say, seven cents a pound you should make some money."

Another of the three plans "provides that the Government shall rent a certain amount of farm land of all kinds and keep it idle." And now Uncle Sam turns to a farmer raising corn, for example, and says:

"Last year you planted 100 acres in corn. This year we want you to plant only ninety. To make it worth your while the Government will rent ten of your acres at a fair rental. The rent you get from the Government will be as much as the profit you can expect from planting the ten acres in corn. You will be saved that much labor. Also, by this plan the quantity of corn on the market next fall will be reduced and the price should be higher."

The third plan, which is more complex, can be explained, says Mr. Sullivan, by imagining the Government speaking to two groups. First it addresses the wheat farmer:

"We are going to pay you as a bonus enough money to make the difference between the price you get for your wheat this year and the price that existed just before 1914. In order to get this bonus you must promise to keep idle this year a certain number of acres which you formerly planted."

That is the Government's attitude toward the farmers, and now it turns to the miller and says:

"You can buy your wheat at whatever price you can get it at. You must, however, pay a tax to the Government. The amount of the tax will be the difference between what you pay for wheat to-day and the price that existed just before 1914."

DESPITE assertions to the contrary, the bill would not make the Secretary of Agriculture a czar over farming, says Mr. Sullivan, for "only to a very slight extent does the Government put compulsion on farmers." Nevertheless, the Secretary "does become decidedly a dictator" over the processing industries. Reading on:

"The Secretary becomes a dictator in the pretty complete meaning of the word over millers of wheat, corn, and rice; butchers and packers of hogs, cattle, and sheep; manufacturers of tobacco, spinners of cotton, dairymen, and dealers in milk and milk products.

"Every one of these must get a license from the Secretary, down to the smallest miller in a country town and the butcher who slaughters one steer a week. The only exception is 'the processing by the producer on his own premises for consumption by his own family.'

"The bill covers everything raised on a farm. It designates nine crops as 'basic agricultural commodities.' The nine are 'wheat, cotton, corn, hogs, cattle, sheep, rice, tobacco, and milk.' Then the bill also gives the Secretary the same powers over 'any competing agricultural commodity or product thereof.' This covers literally everything.

"Consequently, every processor of every farm crop must get a license. He will be subject to a fine of $1,000 every day he operates without a license. The Secretary of Agriculture can revoke any license at will. This provision alone is enough to justify the word 'czar,' for obviously it gives power of business life and death.

"Each processor must pay a tax. The purpose of the tax is to raise the money with which to rent land from farmers and pay bonuses to them. The tax will be extremely high. In the case of wheat it would be just now about fifty cents a bushel. The Secretary can raise or lower the tax at will."

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The bill slid through the House by a vote of 315 to 98, but three primary objections were voiced by Senators, even before the Senate began consideration of the measure, according to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*. He lists them as follows:

"The first is, as was expected, to the power given to the Secretary of Agriculture, who would hold complete authority over the production and marketing of agricultural produce.

"The second is to the setting up of an 'army' of tax-gatherers and so-called committees who, it is held, would watch the operations of virtually every farmer to see that he obeyed regulations as to production.

"The third objection is advanced by those with an economic bent, who maintain that to raise artificially the domestic price of agricultural products, while presumably dumping the surplus abroad at any price obtainable, would ruin the foreign commerce of those who export agricultural products."

AND now for more editorial comment, first from papers in those States which would be most affected by this legislation. Here, as well as in other parts of the country, one finds mixed views, altho an apparent majority favors trying the plan.

One of the strong opponents is the Dallas *Morning News*, in the biggest of cotton States, which remarks that "farm relief killed Herbert Hoover politically," and "it is not likely to do Franklin Roosevelt much good." Furthermore, "it is generally recognized that economic ills can not be cured by simple political means, nor to be successful can any measure be too complicated for effective enforcement."

Pointing out that commodities recently have registered strong advances, the St. Joseph (Mo.) *News-Press* expresses the belief that there should be no interference with economic laws. In fact:

"A gesture by the Federal Government to abandon any further attempts at this time to bolster up commodity prices would be a means of increasing faith and trust in the immediate future that nothing else can bring about."

But many papers agree with the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* in agricultural Iowa that "we should try something on this line—at least once," and with another Iowa paper, the Des Moines *Tribune*, which says that this "is probably the best way the job of farm relief could be tackled in this emergency."

In New Orleans, huge cotton market, *The Times-Picayune* declares that the President "should have loyal support in this as in his emergency measures which preceded it." Far to the north, in St. Paul, milling center, *The Pioneer Press* takes the view that—

"Agriculture certainly has sufficient confidence in President Roosevelt to lend full cooperation in effecting these plans and then, with him, to wait and see what further may be necessary."

Swinging eastward to the tobacco States, we find the Richmond *News Leader* asserting that here is the "planned industry" for which "the country has been clamoring—it is for the relief of the most seriously prostrated of all American industries."

And in Kentucky, another tobacco State, the Louisville *Herald Post* is enthusiastic over the President's plan:

"His measure and message may properly be called another spike in National Reconstruction. It is one of the most important he has yet driven."

A Democratic Panacea

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

Beer Again—And What It Means

THE BREWERS' BIG HORSES are stamping in their stalls.

The brewers themselves are planning to spend vast sums ($22,500,000 in the East alone) for new plants, additions, alterations, equipment, and advertising.

Hotels are bringing their pre-Prohibition bars out of storage and polishing them up for active duty once more.

Thirsty Americans are looking forward to the day—April 7—when their thirst may be quenched legally.

The Cullen bill, after debate, amendment, reamendment, and conference, has been passed by both Houses of Congress and signed by President Roosevelt. It permits the sale, fifteen days after the Presidential signature, of beer and wine containing 3.2 per cent. of alcohol by weight, or 4 per cent. by volume. Other provisions are summarized thus by the Associated Press:

"Leaves all regulation as to distribution to the States.

"Protects dry States by reaffirming the Webb-Kenyon act preventing interstate shipment into commonwealths that have laws prohibiting sale of beverages of more than one-half of 1 per cent. alcoholic content.

"Amends dry laws affecting Hawaii, Alaska, and Porto Rico to permit sale of 3.2 per cent. beer and wine.

"Makes manufacturers bear the burden of proof that their products do not contain more than 3.2 per cent. alcohol."

A THOUSAND questions—more or less—are being asked—

Where may beer be bought? What will it cost? What revenue will it produce for the Government? Is the racketeer doomed? How many jobs will be created? Perhaps 300,000, according to some estimates. How will farmers, bottle-makers, builders, and others indirectly profit?

The Federal Government hopes for perhaps as much as $150,000,000 a year in new revenue—from a tax of $5 on each thirty-one-gallon barrel, an annual $1,000 license fee from each brewery, and annual fees from wholesalers and retailers.

The Associated Press, in this survey answers the burning question of where the newly approved beverage may be had:

"In at least fourteen States beer can be sold upon Federal legalization, which will be fifteen days after the measure is signed. These States are Arizona, California, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Washington, and Wisconsin.

"In three States, beer can be sold after a specified time: North Dakota, July 1; West Virginia, June 9; Wyoming, May 18.

"In Maryland and Delaware beer can be sold in parts of the States."

New State laws may, of course, change the line-up before this is read.

Wets are exuberant, but hope that beer's return will not jeopardize the pending repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Drys react differently. The New York *World-Telegram* reports this comment by Stanley High:

"So far as I can see, things will be as they were before Prohibition, only worse, and from my view-point I don't know but what it will be best. It is bound to bring a reaction."

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Roosevelt's Forward Look

THIS IS THE CREED behind the "new deal"—

"I believe that our industrial and economic system is made for individual men and women, and not individual men and women for the benefit of the system.

"I believe that the individual should have full liberty of action to make the most of himself; but I do not believe that in the name of that sacred word 'individualism' a few powerful interests should be permitted to make industrial cannon-fodder of the lives of half the population of the United States."

President Roosevelt makes this confession of political faith in "Looking Forward" (John Day), published during his stirring first weeks in office.

Unusual tho it is for a President to announce his hopes and intentions in this way at the beginning of his term, the book has won acclaim from both literary and political critics, who characterize it as a document of the first importance.

The volume, as the President frankly explains, "is essentially a compilation from many articles written and speeches made prior to March 1, 1933." Mr. Roosevelt has "added parts which bind the material together as a whole."

IN limited space it is impossible to attempt a comprehensive digest of "Looking Forward," in which the President discusses such topics as economic planning, government reorganization, taxes, agriculture, power, railroads, and banks.

Certain pithy precepts which we may accept as among the guiding principles of the Administration do, however, stand out. With some rearrangement of paragraphs we reproduce a few:

"Do what we may to inject health into our ailing economic order, we can not make it endure for long unless we can bring about a wiser, more equitable distribution of the national income. . . . The reward for a day's work will have to be greater . . . than it has been, and the reward to capital, especially capital which is speculative, will have to be less.

"We do not want the Government in business. But we must realize the implications of the past. For, while it has been American doctrine that the Government must not go into business in competition with private enterprises, still it has been traditional for business to urgently ask the Government to put at private disposal all kinds of government assistance. . . . As I see it, the task of government in its relation to business is to assist the development of an economic declaration of rights, an economic constitutional order. . . .

"Recently, a careful study was made of the concentration of business in the United States. It showed that our economic life was dominated by some 600-odd corporations who controlled two-thirds of American industry. Ten million small business men divided the other third.

"More striking still, it appeared that, if the process of concentration goes on at the same rate, at the end of another century we shall have all American industry controlled by a dozen corporations and run by perhaps a hundred men. Put plainly, we are steering a steady course toward economic oligarchy, if we are not there already. . . .

"I believe that the Government . . . can act as a check . . . of this oligarchy so as to secure initiative, life, a chance to work, and the safety of savings to men and women, rather than safety of exploitation to the exploiter, safety of manipulation to the financial manipulator, safety of unlicensed power to those who would speculate to the bitter end with the welfare and property of other people."

On the difficult war-debt question, the President says:

"There is nothing new in saying that we are now the creditor nation of the world. . . . It would be well for some of our professional critics to remember that in our form of government we are now one of the older nations of the world, through our most severe political growing-pains, arrived at mature years, and with a new sense of responsibility toward the rest of the world.

"That is why what was loaned by our people through their Government must be repaid by foreign Governments to our people. It is sound common sense to assist your debtors in every way, but there is neither practicality nor honor nor world safety in cancelation."

California's Quake Protest

BACK AND FORTH, back and forth, like a huge pendulum turned upside down, swayed Los Angeles's skyscraper city hall as Mother Earth trembled under the shock of Southern California's recent earthquake.

But—and this is the point, say the loyal citizens of the region affected—when the shocks were over, the city hall, a building of strong modern construction, still towered 470 feet, twenty-eight stories, in the air. Other buildings of similarly strong construction in Los Angeles, Long Beach, and elsewhere in the quake area, were also standing.

Southern California is pointing to this circumstance to uphold its claim that the severity of the quake and the damage it did have been exaggerated throughout the country. In our issue of March 25 we told the story of the destruction, desolation, and death spread by the upheaval, for the relief of which the Federal Government has just appropriated $5,000,000. Now we are glad to present the Californians' happier version of the situation.

The Los Angeles *Times* is specific. The country should be informed, it declares in an editorial:

"1. That the city of Los Angeles, with approximately 350,000 dwellings, thousands of great business structures, and a population of nearly a million and a half, suffered a loss of only three lives, while the material damage was so slight that a stranger visiting the city would have to possess sharp eyes to detect any evidence whatever that an earthquake had occurred.

"2. That these same conditions apply to the great majority of cities, towns, and the whole countryside of Southern California.

"3. That even those cities located in or near the center of the disturbance suffered the greatest part of their damage and loss of life through faulty construction or obsolete buildings with insecure walls and fronts."

CALIFORNIANS present aerial photographs, such as that on the next page, to show that large sections escaped without visible damage. They are, we read, planning a campaign to assure the rest of the country that there is nothing to fear from unkind nature in this section. According to a Hollywood dispatch to *Variety*, a paper representing entertainment interests:

"The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, believing the city got bad breaks in Eastern newspapers on the quake, is sending two lecture units on the road, each to have a Chamber speaker and seismologist, plus a motion-picture, showing little damage done here.

"They will appeal particularly to tourists with the point strest that fifty years will elapse before recurrence of a temblor of similar proportions. Long Beach, and other communities, hard hit, will be ignored by lectures."

Many of the structures actually wrecked, it develops under investigation, were school buildings. Faulty construction is blamed for almost all of the deaths. At an inquest over quake victims, according to a United Press dispatch from Los Angeles:

"Witnesses said schools and other structures whose collapse killed eighty-seven persons lacked safeguards against earthquake strain, failed to provide for lateral stress, were constructed of inferior mortar, lacked concrete bond beams and had brick firewalls not properly braced.

"William J. Fox, construction engineer, said he found 'poor workmanship covered up by good-looking brick work.'"

Others suggest that the temblors were less destructive than disturbances—say of wind and water—elsewhere in the country. Chapin Hall writes from Los Angeles to the New York *Times*—

"That the record may be kept straight, not a single building of modern or of reasonably sound construction, regardless of age, collapsed. Not a single individual inside of any building was injured unless he became panic-stricken and jumped from a window. In spots walls fell outward and killed or maimed persons in the street below, but it was completely demonstrated that the safest place to be during an earthquake is inside rather than outside. The loss of life altogether has hardly equaled automobile fatalities on a pleasant summer Sunday."

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Does This Look Like a City Wrecked by an Earthquake?

This picture, taken by Don Brinn for Powell Press Service, is accompanied by the following affidavit: "This certifies that I photographed the attached aerial picture of the business district of Long Beach, California, on March 13, 1933, sixty-six hours after the earthquake." The statement was sworn before Angela Nolan, notary public, on March 15. "While we do not attempt to minimize the wide-spread damage done by the temblors," says a statement from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce accompanying this photograph, "the picture shows graphically that the modern buildings of the city stand with no visible damage, and how the great proportion of the loss was occasioned on the older and smaller structures which show little if at all in the general scene."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE Japanese head that is swelled most is the overhead.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE latest thing in men's clothes this spring will be women. —*Florida Times-Union.*

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG now knows how King Victor Emanuel feels about it.—*Macon Telegraph.*

A FELLOW with a Washington job says he expected a new deal, but all he got was a cut.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

ANYWAY, we have learned that boys aren't really wizards because they made a profit when stocks went up.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

WE sometimes suspect that the great common people worry less about stable money than about filling-station money.—*Boston Herald.*

SENATOR BORAH has come out against the Roosevelt economy program. This will just make Mr. Roosevelt feel more like a President.—*San Diego Union.*

HERE'S hoping that Mr. Roosevelt's middle name will bring us luck and that Prosperity will Delano longer in turning the corner.—*Portland (Me.) Express.*

MR. ROOSEVELT promised action, something doing every day, but the people in California are wondering if he didn't go just a bit too far.—*American Lumberman.*

"DEMOCRACIES talk too much," said Bernard Shaw to the reporters at Honolulu. And who can speak with better authority on that subject than Mr. Shaw?—*New York Times.*

THE divorce of the National City Bank from its security affiliate is announced. As to the custody of the Peruvian bonds, there is some morbid curiosity but no news.—*Detroit News.*

THE wife of a Chicago musician has obtained a divorce on the ground that he told her that he was fonder of his saxophone than of her. It would of course be unfair to blame him without knowing what his wife sounds like.—*Punch (London).*

AND how does regular underwear feel, Mr. Hoover?—*Detroit News.*

BANKS that weren't conservative get conservators.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

VIRTUALLY the only man in the world now leading a tranquil and contented life is General Sandino.—*New York Times.*

RADIATORS aren't unique. A lot of assets wouldn't be frozen if somebody had let the water out.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE Filipinos have chosen a beauty queen and named her, of course, "Miss Philippines." Civilized at last!—*Chicago Tribune.*

JAPAN has not quit the Disarmament Conference. But it believes that the way to get rid of armaments is to wear them out.—*San Diego Union.*

IT'S true, of course, that love makes the world go around, but, unfortunately, it doesn't have the same effect on a $20 salary.—*Boston Herald.*

WE haven't seen so many things happen in a short interval since the time we stept on the banana peel at the top of the stairs. —*American Lumberman.*

MOUNT EVEREST flyers in training have reached a height of 35,000 feet. All that remains to be done is to slip the mountain under the plane.—*New York Times.*

NEXT year's false teeth, we read, may be made of chromium steel. This sort of technological improvement may be expected to put the nutcracker factory permanently out of business.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE statesman who wants to inflate the currency just a little bit and then stop, reminds us of the fellow who used to go over to the corner saloon for just one drink and then didn't get home for three days.—*Davenport Times.*

TRADITIONALLY, the Democratic party is committed to the principle of a weak central government. That is why President Roosevelt is not empowered to drain the ocean, reverse the law of gravitation, and stop the stars in their courses.—*Detroit News.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

The European Peace Plan That Alarms France

FRANCE IS SKEPTICAL of the four-Power ten-year peace pact for Europe as drafted by Premier Mussolini.

The project, designed to avert war in Europe, was drawn up in the Palazzo Venetia, Il Duce's office and stronghold at the Roman capital. There the tall, vigorous, white-haired British Prime Minister and the vibrant, piercing-eyed Italian Premier met on March 18 for a series of momentous conversations on Europe's political problems.

French objections are based, according to Paris press cables, on France's refusal to permit herself to be divorced from the Versailles Treaty, the League of Nations, or her Central European allies, Poland and the Little Entente.

Keystone copyright

England Is Tired

Of Prime Minister MacDonald's mixing in the "embattled lists of Europe," say some English editors.

Yet the French declare their acceptance of the "principle" of the "Big Four," notes Leland Stowe in a copyright cable to the New York *Herald Tribune*, and reaffirm their peace intentions.

This was after Prime Minister MacDonald and Foreign Minister Sir John Simon had talked at Paris with Premier Edouard Daladier and Foreign Minister Joseph Paul-Boncour. They issued a joint Anglo-French communiqué which, we are told, fails to conceal the wide divergence between the British and French views of the Mussolini pact proposal. Il Duce's proposal was not mentioned, it appears, and the official French statement ends with the following declaration:

"The French Ministers affirm their desire to see reestablished in the interest of European peace, within the framework and in the spirit of the League, a confident cooperation among the four European Powers, which are permanent members of the League Council."

THIS sentence is said to tie any project definitely to the League, but this correspondent points out "that the British Ministers, significantly, are not mentioned in this sentence."

France wishes to have the pact extended to all nations on an equality basis, permitting active participation by all. As now conceived, active participation would be permitted only to the Four Powers named—Great Britain, Italy, France, and Germany. This is accentuated in a Paris United Press cable by Ralph Heinzen, who relates that the Mussolini-MacDonald plan contains five major articles. They are:

"1. That the convention would stand for ten years and renew itself automatically for ten-year periods thereafter unless one of the signatory Powers gave a year's notice of withdrawal.

"2. That the four participating Powers pledge to cooperate for peace.

"3. That the treaty be open to outside Powers, but not in an active capacity.

"4. That as provided by the Covenant of the League of Nations, the signatories recognize that revision of the so-called 'war treaties' may be sought. This includes the Treaty of Versailles. Under the plan France, Britain, and Italy would agree on the principle, already recognized in December, 1932, of Germany's right to equality in armaments, effective immediately. This principle of arms equality likewise would apply to Austria, Bulgaria, and Hungary.

"5. The signatories pledge their cooperation in trade and colonial interests outside of Europe."

ONE French view cited in Paris press cables as being worthy of note is that of Senator Henri Berenger, who holds:

"I expect that 100,000,000 Slavs from the Baltic to the Adriatic will have a word to say about the proposals. The plan is insufficient to solve Europe's manifold problems, but is well-timed as a first step."

Meanwhile press correspondents at the French capital point out that there is to be "closer study" of the Mussolini outline and "further communications" between all concerned.

But the general alarm in France over the newly suggested pact is fully revealed in cables from the French press to THE LITERARY DIGEST.

The *Echo de Paris* points to the threat of political isolation confronting France, and it declares sharply:

Keystone-Underwood

Distrusted by France

The French press charge that Mussolini's "peace club" aims to split French alliances.

"France will never consent to her isolation within a triangle composed of Great Britain, Italy, and Germany, which would mean separation from her allies, Poland and the Little Entente, and which would thus compromise our security. The sole basis for negotiations is to admit France's allies to equal rights.

"In the meantime the suggestion of a specious peace pact to be drafted at Rome is immoral, since it was Mussolini who attempted to split up Jugo-Slavia and who strove also to re-arm Hungary."

Similarly the Paris *Figaro* is staggered by the possibility that France could be "encircled," and it charges flatly that:

"A revision of frontiers would be certain to result in a catastrophic dénouement, as would any encirclement of France envisaged by Mussolini."

TO the Paris *Ordre*, Prime Minister MacDonald is the "villain in the drama," and it expresses itself rather wildly as follows:

"MacDonald's motives are most transparent. For a long time an agent of the Wilhelmstrasse, he has not forgotten that the Kaiser in 1914 spied his ancient enemy England across France, whose security, and likewise that of England, the Mussolini pact endangers."

But another French newspaper, the Paris *Homme Libre*, blames it all on Mussolini. Recalling Premier Herriot's reported approach to Franco-Italian friendship last summer, this newspaper observes:

"It is evident that Mussolini rebuffed Herriot's friendly advances of last July while the Italian newspapers continued to insult France because the Duce had not at that time provided

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Hungary with airplanes, machine-guns, and rifles, nor was Hitler then the master of Germany. Now the situation is different."

More temperate but equally antagonistic to the proposed ten-year peace pact is the Paris *Matin*, which maintains that:

"Adhesion to Mussolini's 'peace club' would lead to certain rupture of our Eastern alliances, which, added to the diminished Army which MacDonald has asked of Geneva, would constitute the gravest danger to France."

But if French editors see nothing but evil in the Mussolini-MacDonald proposals, their Italian confrères see nothing but the shining light of peace. Cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Italian press in some instances dispute the objection of the French that the new project endangers the individuality of the smaller States. The Turin *Stampa* holds that:

"Close and assiduous collaboration of the four great Powers does not signify belittlement of the smaller States, which are essential elements in the general equilibrium. No great Power more than Italy has shown her jealous guardianship of their sovereignty."

Confidently the Rome *Tevere* asserts that the historic meeting of the British Prime Minister and his Foreign Minister, Sir John Simon, with Mussolini, completely outdistances the peace efforts of the League at Geneva. Moreover, it feels sure that the four great Powers can guarantee tranquillity through the whole European system, and it remarks:

"The meeting promoted the cause of peace more than the entire session at Geneva with its obligatory oratorical procedure can ever promote it. This is the beginning of a revision of methods of promoting peace.

"Just as two great nations can guarantee their frontiers, so four great Powers can guarantee the whole European system. It is necessary above all to demobilize Europe, an end which can be obtained only through effective disarmament."

He Can Not Shake Off His Shadow

"I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear."
—Shakespeare

—A. G. Racey in "The Daily Star" (Montreal).

Popolo di Roma calls attention to the difference of position in European affairs between Russia and the United States and the four great Powers of Europe, when it says:

"The four great Powers have an imposing foundation of common interests to protect, the chief of which is to assure the fate of a common civilization.

"Russia and the United States do not turn on the same axis. Both have complex interests in Europe, but also vital interests connected with the Pacific, Asia, and the Far East."

Among cables from the English press to THE LITERARY DIGEST, it is to be noted particularly that two newspapers of very different character, the Liberal Manchester *Guardian* and the Laborite London *Daily Herald*, agree that the Rome communiqué is significant in that it does not refer to the League of Nations. "Stand by the League," the world-famous Manchester daily seems to urge as it asserts emphatically:

"Peace by agreement alone can preserve Europe from catastrophe, but that agreement must not be imposed upon small Powers by great ones. If it is to be genuine it must be achieved within the framework of the Covenant of the League of Nations."

Positive peril to the League is traced in the Mussolini plan by the Laborite *Daily Herald*, which characterizes it as follows:

"It is a new attempt to undermine the authority of the League of Nations and replace the Council and the Assembly by a self-appointed junta of great Powers."

Answering the argument in some sections of the British press that England has enough to do to mind her own business without becoming tangled up in the complexity of Continental politics, the London *Times* observes:

"The pact can very warmly be welcomed by all in this country who realize that whether the association is desirable or not, Britain can never be completely disinterested from European affairs."

In sharp contrast is the view of the London *Daily Express*, which is in a temper to cry out "a plague on all your houses," and it complains:

"The country is sick and tired of MacDonald's posturing at foreign capitals. The House of Commons must make it plain to the chancelleries of Rome, Berlin, and Paris that at all costs Britain is resolved to keep outside the embattled lists of Europe."

Turning to the cables received by THE LITERARY DIGEST from the German press, we find evidences that they will blame France if the Mussolini project is impeded. Thus, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* claims:

"Mussolini deserves thanks and acknowledgment of his efforts. We hope that the campaign of agitation which the French press has raised against the pact has not seriously disturbed it."

It is hoped by the *Boersen Courier* that a change of spirit in the French mind will come and Europe thus be saved from war. As this daily sees it—

"Mussolini's thanksworthy initiative already has eased the tension in Europe. Everything now depends upon France."

At the same time another financial daily of Berlin, the *Boersen Zeitung*, makes no concealment of its conviction that the new proposals will draw England away from France, and it argues:

"The moral importance of an Anglo-Italian agreement should not be undervalued. It is a great gain to Italy as well as to Europe that England finally has lengthened the distance between herself and France."

But keen disappointment is felt by the Berlin *Taeglische Rundschau*, which is dismayed to find that:

"The significance of the Rome agreement is that Germany once again is confronted with a *fait accompli* which she can accept or reject, but which others already have decided upon."

On this point some London American press correspondents indicate that as Germany is the only country not "sounded out," it is believed likely that Chancellor Hitler will go to London or Mr. MacDonald will go to Berlin.

Meanwhile Raymond G. Carroll of the Foreign Service of the New York *Evening Post* service at Paris cables that Premier Mussolini's "peace-club project is believed to have been effectually put to sleep" by Mr. MacDonald's phrase: "The continuance of conversations begun in Geneva and carried on in Rome will be pursued through normal diplomatic channels."

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Peru Enraged by the League

PERU HAS NO FURTHER USE for the League of Nations.

That is the tenor of angry comment by Peruvian editors on the unanimous report of the League Council condemning Peru's occupation of the Colombian village of Leticia in the remote regions of the upper Amazon.

The small river port of 600 inhabitants and its surrounding terrain formerly belonged to Peru, as has been shown previously in these pages, but was ceded to Colombia by treaty signed in September, 1922, and ratified in 1928.

Since the Peruvians seized Leticia a state of unrecognized but actual warfare has existed between Peru and Colombia.

Now, Geneva United Press dispatches relate, the decision of the League Council is taken to mean a definite declaration of war between the two countries. So this first attempt of the League at intervention in South American affairs is felt to be not so auspicious as might have been hoped.

The Leticia report was hailed by Colombia's League delegation as unprejudiced and impartial. It recommends that both parties recognize the validity of the 1922 Treaty, under which the Leticia zone belongs to Colombia.

The report gives the Colombians authority to expel the Peruvian invaders. But Peru's delegate at Geneva, Garcia Calderon, expelled himself from the League Chamber when the decision went against his country.

Yet he assured the United Press that "this does not mean Peru's withdrawal from the League."

THE next action of the League Council was to appoint an advisory committee to supervise the execution of the reports and recommendations, and Washington dispatches inform us that the United States has accepted the League's invitation to take part in the work of this committee. Hugh R. Wilson, United States Minister to Switzerland, has been delegated as the American representative.

Meanwhile, cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Peru and Colombia reveal the Colombians in high elation while the Peruvians are enraged and bitter. Thus, the Lima *Comercio* remarks:

"After what happened at Geneva we do not see distinctly what interest Peru could have in continuing as a member of the League of Nations. The League's inability to fill effectively the high purpose for which it was created is clear, and we do not see any purpose in our continued attachment to it during the existence of disturbing international conditions.

"The question of Peru's withdrawal will depend upon the efforts of the commission of thirteen, presided over by Sean Lester, to 'supervise the accomplishment of the recommendations contained in the Council's report,' as well as the invitation made to Brazil and the United States.

"Should a situation arise making it necessary to defend our independence and our dignity against unjust aggressions, we would, through an ironical international development, and despite our purpose to avoid war, have a wonderful American example in Nicaragua."

EQUALLY scornful of the League's decision is the Lima *Cronica*, which charges the League with a lack of "human idealism" and adds sarcastically:

"It was nominated the defender of nations and it moves at Geneva in accord with the wires of submarine cables which the governments manipulate.

"These wires can not be 'pulled' for the revision of treaties because of the necessity of maintaining, in the face of the protests by the people of the world, the tremendous social injustice signified by that pact of slavery—the Treaty of Versailles."

But in Colombia, naturally, the press have only praise for the League, and call its decision "a moral and juridical triumph for Colombia and the forerunner of military operations on a large scale in the south." Colombia's military triumph will rank with her diplomatic victory, according to the Bogota *Tiempo*, which is owned by Eduardo Santos, Colombia's chief delegate at Geneva. This newspaper avers:

"The session of the Council had no precedent in the annals of the League because none of the conflicts previously studied by that body resulted in or could have had such a clear presentation. Never has the unanimity of the League been so really unanimous.

"Until military action arrives, Colombia will advance without vacillation. Our military triumph will be no less great than our diplomatic victory."

El Pais, another Bogota journal, only declares that "the League of Nations knows we will be as strong and invincible in war as we were in international struggles for peace."

Japanese Fear of a Soviet Pact

THE SOVIET MENACE TO JAPAN would not be removed by a pact between the two countries.

This is the contention of some Japanese writers, who argue further that Japan can expect little or no benefit from such an agreement.

They admit that the terms of the proposed Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact are not yet clearly known, but tell us that apparently the purpose is to provide mutually for non-aggression by armed force.

But what of aggression by propaganda?

The question is asked in a Japanese publication, the *Kokusai Hyoron*, by a contributor who signs himself "X. Y. Z." Even if propaganda control more rigorous than at present is agreed upon, he thinks it doubtful whether the Soviet Government will be able to enforce an absolute prohibition on this form of aggression, and he proceeds:

"As is universally known, the Soviet Government is based on the organization of the Third International, and therefore it can not be expected to abandon its Red policy. If then Japan concludes the proposed pact she exposes herself in a still greater degree to the Red menace.

"The Soviet policy to revolutionize other countries is clearly stated in the Soviet Constitution. It is also expounded to the Soviet Army. Moreover, various Red movements have been carried on by the Third International the world over, altho the Soviet Government has never accepted responsibility for them."

A SOVIET-JAPANESE non-aggression pact, this writer maintains, would definitely tie the hands of Japan if at any time it became desirable to "take drastic action against the Red menace." For example, he goes on, if the Red movement spread in Japan, Japanese leaders would naturally desire to sever diplomatic relations with Russia. But this they would hesitate to do, he assures us, in view of the pact and of a natural reluctance to violate a promise once made.

As to possible benefit Japan might derive from such an agreement, he points out:

"Some people claim that it can be utilized in connection with Japan's relations with the League of Nations or China, or such questions as the fishery dispute. The effect of the pact on the League of Nations will be only illusory. Our relations with the League must be settled through the enforcement of a strong and just national policy on our part.

"Those who desire to conciliate Russia for the benefit of our relations with China must surely realize the folly of their hopes in view of the recent resumption of diplomatic relations between those two countries. It is also doubtful if a Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact would ever prove advantageous to Japan in solving the fishery dispute and other Far Eastern questions.

"That the Little Entente Powers and France have concluded non-aggression pacts with Russia is no reason why Japan should follow suit. These countries have taken the step for reasons sufficiently important to make them ready to risk the Red menace. In the case of Japan there are no such reasons."

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Shaw as America's Thersites

CALIFORNIA HAD THE FIRST GLIMPSE of George Bernard Shaw, emerging from a world tour of telling the nations.

Thus he reversed his long-asserted determination to keep away from America.

It has not been from lack of invitations from a long-suffering people who have taken his accompanying gibes in good part:

"Why should I go to America? All America comes to me."

And every American who decently could has crossed his threshold at the Adelphi Terrace, London, or at Malvern, besides flocking to his plays, reading his books, and putting money in his pocket.

One of his more recent visitors was Miss Helen Keller, whose sponsor in the interview was Lady Astor. Miss Keller describes the meeting for the North American Newspaper Alliance (New York), and to her it was no idle moment. She had read his books, and had long regarded him, as she confesses, as "one of the greatest men in the world to-day." "My personal admiration for George Bernard Shaw is genuine and deep," she writes. "The flash-lights of his mind have flashed strong rays into the physical darkness which I have known from infancy." Then we read:

"I had met kings and queens, distinguished writers and poets, scientists and philosophers, statesmen and great religious leaders of men, but here was George Bernard Shaw—the climax. Here was a man whose mind I thought I understood, a man whose ideas had made the world sit up and take notice.

"I held out my hand. He took it indifferently. I could scarcely believe my sensations. Here was a hand bristling with egotism as a Scotch thistle with thorns. It was not the sort of hand that one would associate with the compassionate interpreter of Joan of Arc.

"'I am so happy to meet you,' I said inanely. 'I've wanted to know you for ever so long.'

"'Why do all you Americans say the same thing?' he taunted.

"'Why do you hate us Americans so?' I murmured.

"'I don't hate you,' he answered. Mrs. Macy's hand gave me the inflection of his voice, which implied that Americans could never rise to the level of his contempt.

"'Then why don't you come to America?' I asked.

"'Why should I? All America comes to see me.'

"Lady Astor laid her hand on his arm and shook it a little, as if he were a child behaving badly before company. 'Shaw,' she said, 'don't you realize that this is Helen Keller? She is deaf and blind.'

"His answer must have shocked everybody; but a few moments passed before I knew what it was. A quiver ran through Mrs. Macy's hand—I was shut off from the scene, and I stood wondering and waiting. Then slowly Mrs. Macy spelled to me what Mr. Shaw had said:

"'Why, of course! All Americans are deaf and blind—and dumb!'"

There may be those who will find this just another wise-crack, not so the Boston *Globe:*

"The average American can take a rap like that when directed at himself and laugh. But, like any decent human being, he boils at the idea of using one of the most heroic and pathetic figures of modern times for a joke.

"If Mr. Shaw thinks of coming to this country for a brief visit, he had better change his mind. The wise-cracking era is on the wane.

"James J. Walker, once the dapper Mayor of New York, wise-cracked himself into obscurity. It must be very trying for Mr. Walker, because he dearly loved the limelight.

"Perhaps another world figure may be on the way to oblivion over the wise-crack route."

Fragile—With Care

Saint Shaw, C. O. D. from England, comes to America in search of God.
—"Harvard Lampoon."

WHEN Arnold Daly, who, by the way, first produced "Candida" in America, was burned to death, the New York *World* cabled Shaw for "some expression." He cabled back:

"New York *World*: Impossible not to be interested in poor Daly's extraordinary death. Cases of spontaneous combustion are very rare."

This is described by Shaw's biographer, Archibald Henderson, in his "Bernard Shaw, Playboy and Prophet" (D. Appleton and Company), as a specimen of his "Irish *macabre* humor."

Mr. Shaw's view is that we adore being insulted. He approved "the tongue-lashing Sinclair Lewis gave his fellow countrymen in a speech before the Swedish Academy on the occasion of receiving the Nobel Prize for Literature," and said:

"They will not resent it. They expect to be flattered; but far from being grateful to their flatterers, they accept the tribute as a matter of course, just as they accept the cleaning of their boots at a hotel.

"To rouse their eager interest, their distinguished consideration, and their undying devotion, all that is necessary is to hold them up to the ridicule of the rest of the universe. Dickens won them to him forever by merciless projections of typical Americans as windbags, swindlers, and assassins. . . .

"I myself have been particularly careful never to say a civil word to the United States. I have scoffed at their inhabitants as a nation of villagers. I have defined the 100 per cent. American as 99 per cent. an idiot.

"And they just adore me and will go on adoring me until in a moment of senile sentimentality I say something nice about them, when they will at once begin to suspect me of being only a cheap skate after all, and drop me like a hot potato."

Arriving in Honolulu Mr. Shaw paid his compliments to the new Administration, and told how we preferred to be governed, as we are informed by the Associated Press:

"'Everybody thinks Mr. Roosevelt is going to do something,' he said. 'He isn't going to do anything. He can't. It just happened that Mr. Roosevelt got photographed at the right moment with a baby. He got in on one of those silly landslides you are liable to get in elections.'

"What America needs, Mr. Shaw said, is a dictator.

"'Every country is under a dictator,' he went on. 'You people in America won't be governed by anybody but racketeers. Al Capone probably did a great deal of your governing before he was jailed.'"

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Child Radio Fans

THE BOYS LIKE THE RADIO even when it doesn't work. Because that gives them a chance to tinker with it.

"I don't think we can eliminate radio from the modern set-up."

This speech from a dubious mother is used by the New York *Times* as text for reflections on the problem of children and the radio.

"Children want to drive the family car, they tease to go to the sensational pictures, and they want their favorite serial

I'll Tell the World

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

thriller on the radio regardless of dinner, bedtime, or other people's desire to read, study, or play the piano."

Convinced that this picture is true, the Child Study Association "conducted a limited and somewhat casual investigation among mothers to get their opinions and coordinate them."

THE result is briefly exprest above. The indication is "to accept radio as a blessing, heavily disguised at times, but still a useful addition to family life."

Through their mothers' replies, the children's attitude amounts to this:

"Most children of all ages enjoy the radio, it appears. Infants in arms like the music, six-year-olds usually have an intense interest in one or two day-to-day programs and older children follow several.

"Music, either concert or jazz, does not attract them so strongly as dramatic and comic sketches. Best of all they like programs given by adults and designed for children.

"Tho it is possible to make a few generalizations, there are many children whose attitude toward the radio defies classification. One boy of fifteen insists on having music while he studies his geometry or other home-work. His mother is appalled at his deliberate division of interest, but it may be that what would be a distraction for her is for him a help toward concentration.

"Another boy who likes it well enough when it is working, loves it when it is out of commission. His ambition is to be a radio mechanic. In one group of brothers and sisters the older children have become critical of the sales talks sprinkled through the entertainment, and question the accuracy of some of the high-pressure arguments."

So mothers make the best of a doubtful situation:

"From the grown-up point of view, childish preoccupation with the radio may seem foolish or admirable, varying from one extreme to the other according to the tastes of the adult; but there appears to be a united feeling on one point: most mothers patiently let their children go through the stage of passionate listening, believing that they will outgrow it as they do their interest in the 'funnies,' to which many compare the radio comedies.

"Later they will involuntarily be drawn into adult listening to symphony concerts and talks from statesmen and literary leaders all over the world. The enriching and educational influence must wait till the youthful liking for the radio clowns has passed."

Well, Look It Up

"WHAT DOES TRANSUBSTANTIATION mean?" asked a Harvard student of Henry Adams, when that erudite American was professor of history there.

"Good heavens! How should I know? Look it up," was the reply.

Adams, as we learn from the "Life" by James Truslow Adams, recently published by Albert and Charles Boni, was that kind of teacher.

There is a Hoboken mother, as *The Jersey Observer* (Hoboken) lets Ruth Cameron tell, who classifies in one respect with Henry Adams:

"'I want my children to have the dictionary habit,' she says. 'And so I made up my mind that one thing we would have in our living-room would be a dictionary in a handy place. I wanted to make it easy and natural for them, so I was bound the dictionary shouldn't be in the bookcase behind glass doors that had to be undone. Not even under some other books that had to be taken off it. But right where they could step to it and open it. So I had it on a table until we could afford a stand, and then I had it on the stand. And whenever they asked me what a word meant, I said, "Look it up, there's the dictionary right there."

"'And now it's second nature to them. But I don't think it would be if the dictionary had been locked away behind glass, the way ours was as a child. It was in one of those old secretaries, and you had to clear off the books from the shelf in front of it, and then unlock and open the doors and drag it out, and it weighed a ton. It was just enough effort to discourage you.'"

The Cover

"METROPOLIS," by Junius Allen, is a transcript from any great American city.

In this case it happens to be New York, and the scene was familiar to any New Yorker just a few years back. The engines and the cranes have been idle during the depression, but they will surely emerge again.

Mr. Allen bathes his rising building in the glowing sunlight of aspiration. That lighted triangle is balanced by the dark engines of work.

The artist was born in Summit, New Jersey, in 1898, and studied art at the National Academy of Design, New York. His home is in Summit, and his studio in New York City.

He is a member of the Salmagundi Club, New York, the Allied Artists of America, the Artists Fund Society, and the American Artists Professional League.

Some recent awards are: Bronze Medal, Plainfield Art Association, 1931. Medal of Award, Montclair Art Association (first all-State exhibition) 1931. Honorable Mention, New Rochelle Art Association, 1932. Popular Vote Prize, Kresge Galleries, Newark, New Jersey, 1932. He writes:

"My painting is principally devoted to landscape and marine subjects, and I am a regular exhibitor in the leading exhibitions."

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Twilight or Dawn for Foreign Missions

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BROTHER C. That's fine. But tell us, how many souls have you brought into the Kingdom?"

Counting converts instead of conceiving the Kingdom of Heaven in terms of social betterment now—that is what is cutting the ground from under the missionary enterprise.

The missionary, a progressive man, had been telling a mission board of his school in China, of its influence on Chinese education in a large area, of his plans to erect a modernized high-school system.

And all the mission board were interested in was in knowing how many souls he had saved from eternal torment.

Nathaniel Peffer echoes the criticism of missions and missionaries voiced by the report of the Appraisal Commission of the Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry, published under the title "Rethinking Missions," and again by Mrs. Pearl S. Buck, both fully covered in these pages.

Reviewing ancient traditions and modern trends, Mr. Peffer, who lived in China six years as editor and correspondent, and visited the country again in 1928-29 as a Guggenheim Fellow, believes that missions are "a casualty of the times." He sees, he tells us in *Harper's Magazine*, a definite break with the authentic missionary tradition. The missionary enterprise of to-morrow will cooperate with non-Christian agencies for social improvement. Missions will be an agency for religious and cultural interchange.

Keystone

Native Faiths Can Not Save China

Says Dr. E. Stanley Jones. The noted Methodist missionary asserts that Christianity alone, and not in cooperation with native religions, can help in the strain of her rebirth.

As Mr. Peffer sees it, missionary boards are not interested in missionaries "of higher and more specific training and experience, suited to some particular place or need," in the words of Mrs. Buck. "They are not interested," he writes, "in taking preventive medicine and sanitation and obstetrics and better schools and flood-reclamation to China. They want heathen souls saved from eternal damnation. Therefore, they send missionaries and pay for their maintenance."

AND those earlier missionaries made every effort to tear the convert from his racial roots and out of his cultural soil. They taught history, but it was American history; literature, but it was the Prologue to "The Canterbury Tales," not Chinese literature. They preached sermons their flocks could not understand, and uttered prayers not very different from the native spirit-worship.

To all that, says Mr. Peffer, the new type of missionaries are unsympathetic, but they have been unable to persuade the missionary boards to the modern view.

"Already," writes Mr. Peffer, "it is becoming difficult to recruit eligible missionaries from the colleges, as the laymen's report says. It will become increasingly difficult. Those of higher qualifications who are not forced out will drop out. They will be too completely out of sympathy with the tone of the work."

Furthermore, we are told, "the nations of the East will no longer submit to foreign missionaries come in the old spirit. They are curbing them already."

It is more likely, then, believes Mr. Peffer, "that missions are passing, and that the evaluations and prospectuses for their reconstruction are but their requiem." But he believes that the spread of Christianity and Occidental culture will not be impeded. "Missions may die, and little that is permanently valuable to men be lost with them."

From China, where he was conducting an evangelistic campaign at the time, comes another witness, Dr. E. Stanley Jones of "The Christ of the Indian Road" fame.

One day, he writes in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), he was at a round-table conference with the leading men of Nanking. One of them said: "I am not a Christian. But Christianity is on trial in China at the present time. If it can do anything, now is the time. If it can really show its power now, we will all follow."

In the discussion no reference was made to the native religions.

THE point that the Laymen's Commission makes about cooperating with the old faiths in the reconstruction of the East has no point in China, says Dr. Jones. "These faiths are out of it. Climb to the top of China's sacred mountain, Taishan, and you will find the Buddhist and Taoist priests smoking opium or gambling. The future lies with Communism or Christianity."

Gen. Chiang Kai-shek told Dr. Jones that he thought the final battle in China would be between these two, and added, "And not only in China, but throughout the world." Dr. Jones agreed, but hastened to add that Christianity "must not be identified with a capitalistic order, for, fully applied, I believe it would issue into some form of corporate sharing closely akin to Communism, but without its class war, its ruthlessness, its compulsions, and its atheism."

The Christian movement in China is far finer now than it was ten years ago, writes Dr. Jones. It has survived the anti-Christian campaign, and is the stronger for it.

But whether the type of Christianity in China has enough of the social content of the Gospel in it to meet the demand that underlies the trend toward Communism remains to be seen. Dr. Jones found two groups: one individual and other-worldly, and one social and this-worldly. "They need each other," he says. "A Chinese Kagawa must arise to fuse them into one."

But when he spoke to Dr. Hu Shih, the father of the renaissance movement, of his interest in making Christianity indigenous, and asked what would be worth preserving in China's culture and civilization, Dr. Jones was astounded by the reply:

"China has nothing worth preserving. If she has anything, it will preserve itself. You foreigners who tell China that she has something worth preserving are doing her a disservice, for you are only adding to our pride. We must make a clean sweep and adopt Western culture and outlook."

Dr. Jones gasped. "The seemingly foreign thing, Christianity,

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turns out in the end to be the best friend of all that is good and valuable in the past of China."

This Methodist evangelist finds that Christianity is trying to make the adjustments in China for which the Laymen's Commission pleads. He is convinced that if the Christians who were in public life there during recent years had lived out the full implications of the Gospel, it would have swept China. "But they did not have enough spiritual life to sustain the situation. . . . For this lack the Church and the missionaries alike are responsible."

Yet the opportunity is present. "China," says Dr. Jones, "is the ripest evangelistic field in the world at the present time. The whole situation is awaiting a push—a gentle, loving Christian push."

And the Laymen's report seems to Dr. Jones a caution rather than a call, and he remembers that Mahatma Gandhi said to him once, when he asked what should be done to naturalize Christianity in India, "you must practise your religion without adulterating it or toning it down." And, says Dr. Jones:

"Rather remarkable that Dr. Hu Shih, the father of the renaissance movement and the greatest brain in China at the present time, should have said the same thing to a group of Christians: 'Don't tone down your religion.'

"The two outstanding non-Christians in the East give us the same counsel. Dr. Hu Shih, who calls himself an agnostic, said to a group of missionaries, 'I do not believe what you believe, but if I believed half of what you say you believe, I would be more earnest than you are.'

"Perhaps to get a fuller and more accurate Laymen's report we should take the caution of the laymen from America and the call of the two non-Christian laymen of the East and put them together.

"As I look at China going through the terrific strain of her renaissance, knowing that she needs, and needs desperately, some new moral and spiritual power that can create a reformation to undergird that renaissance, and believing that there is simply nothing else on the horizon that can produce that reformation except Christ, boldly applied to her individual and social needs—literally nothing else that can save China—then to me the call sounds louder than the caution."

"Be Still and Know That I Am God"

By Mary Hallet

ALL beauty whispers to the listening heart:
Love does not shout, and ecstasy is still;
The friendly silence of infinity
Forever broods above a lifted hill.

A flower leaps to life—the quiet clod
Has uttered music; noiselessly a tree
Flings forth green song; the snow breathes soundless prayers;
And stars are vocal with tranquillity!

—*The Christian Century, Chicago.*

Doors to Opportunity

THE depression has its opportunities, too.

Thirty-five States are inviting unemployed to come to school, *The Business Week* (New York) tells us. In Montana and Nevada they are learning how to use the gold pan. Indiana has been teaching welding, to meet one employer's special need. Pennsylvania is teaching twenty subjects, ranging from truck driving to garment making.

Many States offer classes to those who want to return to the farm; many others teach special trades, particularly the metal trades.

Various objects are in view, we read:

"To prepare students for special vocational opportunities that appear; to prepare them for better jobs when recovery begins; to provide employment for teachers; to preserve the morale of folk who without the interest and encouragement offered in the classes would have nothing to do but brood; finally, in home-making courses, to teach women how to make a little cash go a long way in buying and cooking provisions, and men how to repair shoes and clothing.

"J. C. Wright, director, Federal Board for Vocational Education, sent a circular letter of inquiry to the State directors asking what they were doing in emergency programs; was astonished to discover that only thirteen States have made no start as yet.

"Most elaborate program, probably, is New York City's, with 10,000 enrolment at 100 centers, under 255 teachers—the teachers themselves desperately in need of work. They are paid $15 a week for 22 hours of work.

"Courses cover a wide range, from art, fine and applied, to agriculture for hundreds who declare they are going to desert the town; from commercial classes through home-making to immigrant education."

"Exaggerated Nationalism" Imperiling Peace

NON-CATHOLICS AS WELL AS CATHOLICS subscribe to the warning of Pope Pius XI against "exaggerated and unjust nationalism" which is imperiling the peace of the world.

The papal warning comes in an allocution delivered at the first consistory of Cardinals in three years, at which the Roman purple was bestowed on six new members of the Sacred College.

"Alas, in the Old World as in the New," says Pope Pius, "again one hears the clash of fraternal arms, and from the stained and devastated earth there rises to heaven the voice of brothers' blood."

In the words of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "the wise man in Rome was looking beyond the 400,000,000 to whom he is authority when he surveys the state of the world in this holy year of his Church, and his reflections are worthy the attention of those of all creeds."

The past twenty years particularly have provided examples of excess and misery to which exaggerated nationalism may lead, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which believes that many who do not subscribe to the doctrines of the Catholic Church will be likely to accept the view of its head in regard to perverted patriotism.

"It is a moderate view, not a condemnation of nationalism in itself," says *The Eagle*. "Yet it goes far enough to condemn, by implication, the exaggeration that would make the individual live merely for the nation and the injustice that would make each nation live for itself alone, at whatever cost to another nation."

"The 'new deal' can not be effected without throwing into the discard this 'unjust nationalism,'" says the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. "President Roosevelt, after emergency measures are adopted, must address himself to the all-important task of establishing better international relations."

In the course of his allocution Pope Pius also expresses his distress over the economic crisis which has thrown millions out of work, and decries the "nefarious propaganda" of "the enemies of God" in Russia, Mexico, Spain, and some Central European countries, who are actuated by violent hate against religion and the Catholic Church because they see in them the pillar of everything against which they are fighting.

The Pope protests, too, against Protestant proselytism in Italy, and deplores that King Boris of Bulgaria had broken his prenuptial promise to have his daughter, the Princess Marie Louise, baptized in the Roman Catholic faith. The Queen, who is the former Princess Giovanna of Italy and a Roman Catholic, is exonerated of complicity in the act, since it was committed without her consent or knowledge.

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The Cheerful Liar

WE ALL KNOW HIM. We regard him with a mixture of amusement and contempt.

It is disturbing to be told that we are all in his class, more or less, and that perfectly truthful persons are relatively few in number—about 3 per cent., to be exact.

Prof. Donald A. Laird, of the Colgate University psychological laboratory, who writes in *The American Weekly* (New York), ascribes it to an effort to make up for unrealized ambitions. We read:

"Dr. E. Johannsen announces the results of a research into lying as those of 'An Investigation of Bluffing.'

"In a test for general information the professor interpolated a number of trick questions, such, for example, as 'Where did Shakespeare obtain the plot for the play, "Gone but Not Forgotten"?'

"Now Shakespeare never wrote any such play. But not one of scores of college boys and girls failed to pretend knowledge and to trump up an answer.

"Among the most indefatigable investigators of deceit in America are Doctors Mark May and Hugh Hartshorne. They have discovered a few persons who never lie about themselves, abilities, or anything else. The number runs about three in a hundred.

"The tendency to lie, say the scientists, varies with the individual, at the bottom of the scale being the psychopathic—or slightly deranged—human who can not tell the truth about anything. At the top are the few rare individuals who are entirely free from the tendency to falsify about anything.

"If early training doesn't make us truthful, then the habit of falsifying must begin not far from the cradle. So the university investigators have been conducting lie hunts among the infants.

"Prof. H. V. Bernals and Prof. H. Woodrow found that with a large group of four-year-old American children there was a distinct disregard for the truth. The little ones were asked if they could do a long list of things, such as write their names, stand on their heads, count ten, etc. The average child claimed he could do 51 per cent., but when told to do them could do only 30 per cent."

Keystone

"Most of Us Liars"

Says Prof. Donald A. Laird. And he tells why and gives the cure.

EXPERIMENTS with children of our own and of Oriental races by Dr. Katherine M. Murdock found, we are told, that 99 per cent. of Oriental children surpassed the average Anglo-Saxon child in honesty, or freedom from exaggeration. But altogether, Dr. Laird concludes, we might as well admit that most of us are liars, gentle or otherwise:

"Generally speaking, science says we almost all lie about ourselves because we have failed to reach goals and ideals which we have set up. We get to think we are failures, and to believe other people think so, too. So we try to escape the unpleasant reality in pleasant fancy.

"Even more interesting than the way we humans lie is the way this tendency to exaggeration grows on a victim. Sometimes a person who has gone along for years not lying about himself will take to it while he is among strangers who, he thinks, won't or can't check up on him. He gets a fine glow of satisfaction in their admiration and easy homage.

"That glow is like a drug, for some people, quite irresistible. Pretty soon, the fellow who won it by lying among strangers, tries discreetly and by mild exaggeration to win it by lying among those who know him better. And like as not, he is soon lying about himself to persons who therefore know he is lying.

"Every one is acquainted with college graduates who are fond of telling what athletes, etc., they were in college, when as a matter of fact they were never even on a team. Sometimes there is good scientific reason to believe these harmless and pathetic frauds really come to think they were on teams; they persuade themselves.

"Likewise, there are few persons who do not know some one fond of telling of the huge amounts he lost or won in the stock market during the boom days and who, they believe, is simply romancing.

"Insurance agents say that in claims by wives for coverage on lost jewelry it frequently appears that the husband lied to his wife about the value of the jewels when he made the gift.

"Or consider this outburst by a confessed burglar recently caught in a big Eastern city after a series of successful house breakings: 'People lied like blazes about the amount of money I took. They seemed ashamed to admit they only had a few dollars in the house.'

"The Bible says 'All men are liars' (Psalms 116). But there's a cure in sight—at least a partial cure. 'Be yourself.' After all, only one of us can be President at a time."

Why Haystacks Burst Into Flames

HAYSTACKS SOMETIMES catch fire through spontaneous ignition. The reason was recently explained to chemists attending the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. C. A. Browne of the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry and Soils.

Says *The Science News Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington):

"Hay losses from this cause in the United States run into big money; approximately $20,000,000 a year, Dr. Browne said.

"This is enough to endow a big university or build a couple of first-class cruisers. Research that may eventuate in the repeal of this unauthorized tax is therefore judged very much worth conducting.

"Many chemists for many years have observed, experimented, and speculated over the question of how a haystack can make itself hot enough to catch fire. A part of the answer was easy enough, once it was demonstrated that the life processes of plants generate heat no less than do those of animals. The digestive ferments in half-cured hay will raise its temperature appreciably; but even more important than this is the fermentive action of bacteria and other micro-organisms, which carry on the process to an even higher temperature.

"Nevertheless, the major part of the riddle remained unsolved, for the highest temperatures attainable by living bacteria are still many degrees short of the ignition temperature of hay. Bacteria alone can make hay hot, but they can not set it afire. They are killed by their own self-generated heat before the hay even chars, let alone bursts into flame.

"The puzzling temperature gap can be bridged, Dr. Browne is convinced, by examining the decomposition products given off by the action of the bacteria on the hay. The first thing that happens is the conversion of part of the starches and celluloses into sugar, which then proceeds to ferment. Buried deep in the haystack, without access to the outside air, the fermentation takes place under oxygen-deficient conditions and does not proceed to the normal end-point. Instead of the complete chemical breakdown into carbon dioxid and water, the fermenting process produces complex gases rich in carbon and hydrogen but lacking in oxygen. At the same time the surrounding layer of hay acts as a heat insulator, driving the temperature higher.

"The gases generated by the imperfect fermentation have an avid hunger for oxygen. If a little reaches them, they absorb it eagerly, generating still more heat. If they are kept blanketed in until a large supply of air suddenly has access to them, they are very apt to react with the oxygen so energetically as to produce actual flame."

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Insulated Babies

BABIES ELECTRICALLY INSULATED from the earth in stormy periods develop better than others, according to recent experiments by Professor Vlés at the Rohmer *Clinique Infantile* at Paris.

Grasses experimented with on the same theory showed a development superior to other grasses, and sea-urchin eggs exhibit the same results under the same circumstances.

Courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. From the Smithsonian Report

They Push Their Way Through Solid Ice

In the same way spontaneous cancers in litters of mice proceeded at varying rates of speed.

There seems likewise to be some connection between the dissipation of electrical energy through the atmosphere and the development of infantile paralysis.

THE object of Professor Vlés was to test the applicability of these results to human beings. Says Roger Simonet in *Sciences et Voyages* (Paris):

"Late last summer at Strasbourg six nursing babes, aged from one to seven months, were tested.

"The device employed consisted essentially of wooden boxes or frames to which six baskets were hung by lengths of cord steeped in paraffin and insulated at intervals by non-conducting substances.

"The bottoms of the baskets were not many feet above the floor of the room, which was of cement covered with linoleum.

"Layers of earth were joined up with the bars of the heating apparatus of the hospital, and in close contact with the wooden frames were a barometer, a thermometer, and a psychrometer. These made possible tests of the progress of the experiment.

"To avoid errors due to inequalities of diet and general external conditions, the experiments were alternated.

"Three of the babes were first insulated for eight days. Later on, everything being otherwise equal, they were placed in contact with the ground for eight days.

"During the same interval the other babes were first left on the ground, and then insulated.

"Comparisons between the states of each babe were duly made.

"Contact of the babes with the ground was effected by means of a pliable gilded lace around the foot. This lace or cord in turn was connected with the layer of earth.

"The insulated babes had a ring of the same lace, free and loose, around the ankle.

"The electrical 'capacity' of the babes in relation to the earth was determined.

"Measurements were taken from time to time of the differences of potential between the babes and the earth through the establishment of contact by means of a subchlorid of mercury battery.

"During the experiment the dissipation of electrical energy throughout the atmosphere was considerable, for the period (August 3-19, 1932) was particularly stormy.

"The final results of the experiment showed that the babes yielded growth curves in weight much greater in a state of insulation than during their connection with the ground."

Plant That Drills Through Ice

THE STRANGE MECHANISM by which a plant may drill its way through solid ice, so that thick beds of blue blossoms appear to be rooted in ice, is described by Dr. Casey A. Wood, associate of the U. S. National Museum, in a recent publication of the Smithsonian Institution.

The plant, we are told in a press release from the Smithsonian, is the blue *Soldanella alpina* of the Swiss Alps. Says Dr. Wood, in the Smithsonian Annual Report:

"In the autumn the soldanella develops thick, leathery leaves, well provided with fuel, such as starch and protoplasm, for the coming winter. These lie flat upon the ground, expectant of the snow and ice sheet which may cover them to a depth of several feet.

"When the spring arrives and the hot sun melts most of the snow and some of the ice, water trickles down the rootlets and arouses growth in the sleeping plant.

"Internal combustion ensues within the floral tissues. The resulting heat melts the ice about the uprising flower buds, and the stem pushes its way upward. More water flows to the roots.

"Increased activity is induced, and finally, after several setbacks, the plant, especially if its race is run along the margin of the ice-sheet, soon tunnels a passage to the air and sunshine.

"So long as the heat given off from the growing stem and the buds is sufficient to prevent actual solid freezing of the parts, the soldanella is indifferent to the surrounding ice-cold temperature. It undergoes the usual transformations, is fertilized by early bees, and forms many hundreds of wonderful blue flower groups that crowd the margins of the névé, some of which look for all the world as if they were beds of bloom actually rooted in and growing out of a thick layer of transparent ice.

"If one now examines the leaves of the plant it will be noted that they are no longer thick and fleshy, but are thin and papery. They have yielded up their carbon compounds as fuel to melt a tunnel in the ice, and the production of buds and blossoms, on the flower stem above the ice mantle."

The New Dentistry

WHICH produces more physical deterioration, alcohol or defective teeth?

Sir William Osler declared unhesitatingly: "Defective teeth."

Sir William is called "perhaps the greatest physician of our time," by Dr. Leroy M. S. Miner, Dean of the Harvard Dental School, writing in *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*.

We get some idea of the serious situation when Dean Miner says that "competent authorities assure us that *caries*, tooth-decay, is to-day practically universal among the school children of the United States, and that pyorrhea affects the majority of the adults past middle life." He goes on to sketch this grave picture of the situation:

"Dr. Wynne, New York Commissioner of Health, estimates that to give the dental treatment required by the children in the public schools of New York alone would cost $11,000,000 a year.

"To deal with the problem for the whole country by the usual method of instrumentation, mouth by mouth and tooth by tooth, would be literally impossible. There is not enough money to do it and, if there were, there are not enough dentists.

"The situation is like that presented in the past by other mass population diseases, such as malaria, typhoid, hookworm, yellow fever, and the like. Curative treatment becomes impracticable by reason of the sheer extent of the ailment and prevention must be sought. To that point the dental problem has come.

"Dentistry must now resort to prevention, and prevention means first research to find the causes. The crisis affords the dental school a great opportunity for service and leadership. For this it must equip itself with laboratories and skilled specialists in research so that it may lead in finding the causes of the dental maladies, and in making effective conquest of these plagues."

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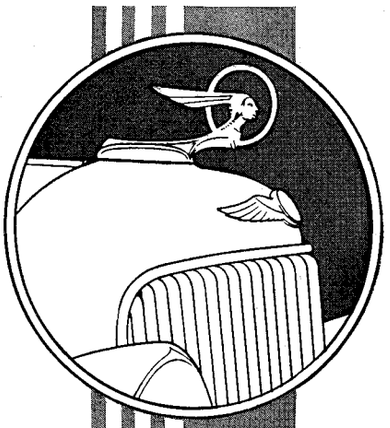

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Due North With Peary's Daughter

THE ESKIMO DOG-TEAM DRIVERS came swarming up from the ice to the *Morrissey's* deck.

One of them was the faithful and famous Ootah—"my father's favorite hunter, and the last living one of the four Eskimos who accompanied him to the North Pole."

The words are those of Marie Ahnighito Peary (Mrs. Edward Stafford), once known to the world as the "Snow Baby." From the rail of Captain Bartlett's schooner she had seen this man come skimming over the ice behind his team of eager dogs, hitched fanwise.

To hear that this was Ootah gave her a keen emotion. And when Ootah, the humble veteran of great enterprises, grasped the fact that this young white mother of two fair sons was his revered commander's child, "Snow Baby," and that these beaming youngsters were the grandsons of the mighty "Peary-oksoah," whose name was a legend of the people of the North, Mrs. Stafford tells us:

"He could only murmur over and over 'Now I Oh! Now I Oh!' the Eskimo expression of deepest amazement."

By courtesy of *Good Housekeeping* (New York)

Ootah Takes the "Snow Baby" for a Ride

Peary's daughter had a mission in the Arctic—to build a monument to her father on the towering cliff at Cape York, Greenland. How she accomplished that mission she relates in *Good Housekeeping*. As the editor titles her story, "The Snow Baby Returns to Greenland's Icy Mountains."

FROM New York to Cape York is a tidy trip, as may be seen from the map. Cape York is on the west coast of Greenland, away up within half an inch, maybe, of Etah, on the edge of the Arctic Circle. Measuring distances with a pencil, we find that Cape York is almost as far from New York as are Hawaii, Buenos Aires, Brussels, Corsica, and Timbuktu, so it needn't surprize us that the little old *Morrissey* took a month to get there, bucking all kinds of nasty weather and dropping in at Brigus, Newfoundland, to deliver a Jersey cow, two dozen chickens, and two pigs to Cap'n Bob Bartlett's mother, who always gets a present when Bob can fix it to call.

Here we quote some of the grown-up Snow Baby's observations early in the voyage, when the menagerie was still on board:

I was awakened by the crowing of roosters, surely a strange sound when you know yourself to be miles out at sea! We were running at slow speed through a thick fog, and every time a distant vessel blew its fog-horn, our cow obligingly moo-ed an answer!

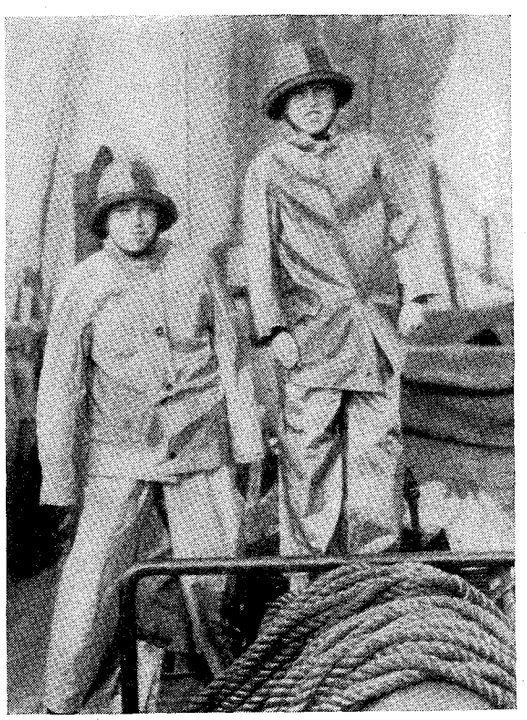
Coming to Cape York, we read on:

It was here that my father always made his first stop on the way north, to collect his native hunters and their indispensable dog teams. It was here that friendly Dundee whalers would leave mail for him and pick up his own letters, already months old. And it was here that we hoped to build the sixty-foot stone monument to his memory, here on the fifteen-hundred-foot cliff which is Cape York. We arrived at the Cape a little before nine in the morning of a beautiful day, and to our delighted surprize we were able, under skilful guidance from the crow's nest, to pick our way between floes and drifting icebergs and to moor the ship to the face of the glacier, exactly as if she were alongside a wharf.

THEY started at once for the summit to reconnoiter the site for the monument. They were all soft from the voyage, and it was a terrible climb. "The glacier was covered with deep snow that was beginning to melt, so that at every step we sank down to our knees and had to drag our feet out in order to take the next step. As fast as we reached the top of one slope, another rose in front of us! Hidden crevasses made the climb dangerous as well as difficult, and several times a tragedy was narrowly averted." However:

After several hours of climbing we finally reached the top. Our weariness was quickly forgotten when we saw what an ideal site for a monument we had found. Not only was it the highest point of the entire promontory, but it was covered with loose rock and stones of all shapes and sizes, ideal for building purposes. There was one thing at least which would not have to be carried up those fifteen hundred feet!

Back on the ship once more, Captain Bob and I agreed that the only solution of our problem of how to transport fifteen tons of cement, the metal cap, the tools and equipment, et cetera, et cetera, from the ship to the site, was Eskimos and dog teams. So we wasted no time, but had the anchor hoisted and were off to Thule to ask permission of Governor Nielsen to employ native assistance.



The Big Chief's Grandsons: Caught by Their Mother's Camera

Governor Nielsen welcomed them cordially, and "generously loaned us one of the Thule Eskimos to act as our interpreter." Of whom we are told:

This Eskimo turned out to be no less a person than Inughito, who as a boy had been mess boy for two winters on my father's ship, the *Roosevelt*. Later he had distinguished himself as one of Knud Rasmussen's companions on his stirring trip along the north coast of Greenland.

The meeting between Inughito and the Captain was a touching one, and we were all glad to welcome Inughito as an old friend.

We left at once for Salvo Island, where we were to pick up our Eskimo helpers, but the ice was packed so thickly along the shore that we were unable to get near.

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But it was only a question of time before the natives would see us and come out to the ship with their teams. We were all so absorbed watching for the first glimpse of the natives that it was not until a grinding crash warned us that we realized that a huge iceberg had drifted down upon us and was slowly squeezing us between itself and the edge of the ice-field.

There was not a moment to lose, and every one sprang into action. Already the ice mass had splintered off the end of the main boom.

Each man seized one of the stout hickory poles hanging ready in the rigging, and some from the deck and some from the ice-field beside us began to push with their united strength against the berg.

At the same time the engines were signaled "Full speed ahead!" The *Morrissey*, however, could not go ahead easily, as there was a companion berg, not quite so large as the first one, already swinging in toward our bow.

A few more seconds and we would have been blocked completely, but Captain Bob worked the ship back and forth, in and out, with all the skill and dexterity of an expert driver parking his car in a small place. Gradually it could be seen that we were gaining room, and at last we were free, having sacrificed only three feet from the end of the boom.

Finally a shout announced the approach of the long-awaited dog teams. It was a stirring sight to see them skimming over the ice toward us. Each sled was drawn by eight or ten dogs hitched fan shape, and with their eager, pointed muzzles and their tightly curled tails they were lovely to watch.

'Tis here that we encounter Ootah and perceive his agitation over meeting the Snow Baby and her men-children. And then we come to the heroic story of the haulage of building materials up the height, and the building of the monument, with repeated frustrations by the treacherous weather. Also Captain Bob concluded that they couldn't go on feeding the dog teams without a walrus hunt. And that gave Junior a chance "to try his beloved .44 carbine," which he did with great credit, killing a harpooned walrus at the required moment. Reading on:

On the way back to the ship, towing the dead walrus which weighed over a ton easily, Junior said to me.

"Won't Dahmama be pleased when she sees my walrus?"

With an inward groan I realized that Junior was probably planning to have the whole creature mounted and preserved as a trophy of his bow and spear. I was still trying to visualize myself picking my way around the bulk of a walrus in my beloved living-room, when the Captain solved the difficulty by telling Junior just how far back to have the Eskimos cut off the head in order to have it look well when it was mounted. Of course, even a walrus head is not an *objet d'art*, but it is easier to live with than the entire beast!

Thirty walruses were bagged, and we are given this glimpse of Eskimo economics:

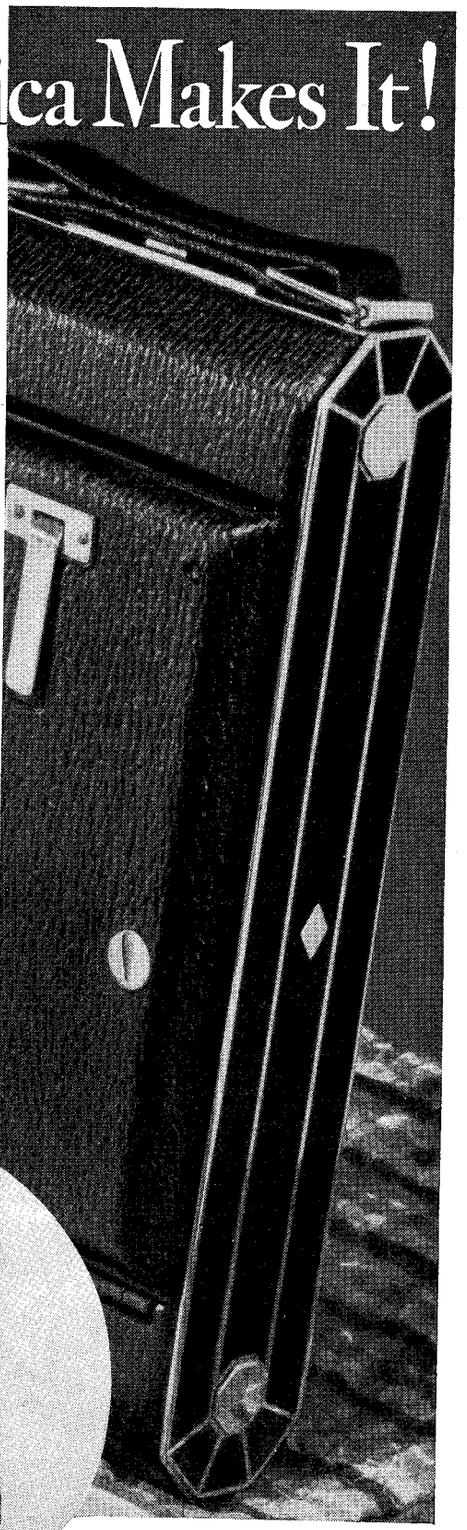
The Eskimos were as pleased as children by the walrus meat, and day after day you could see them and the dogs expand under the influence of plenty of rich, sustaining food. Walrus has become so difficult to

BERLIN SAYS "WACHSAM"

Paris says "Chic"

LONDON SAYS "CLASS"

and America Makes It!



Interesting new Kodak, though costly abroad, quickly wins the picture-making world

European capitals are taking half the output of Kodak Six-16. Seldom has a strictly American product won so swift a triumph abroad.

Yet the reasons are right on the camera.

This beautiful young Kodak is the smallest roll film camera made for 2½ x 4¼ pictures. It's handsome. Trim lines. Fine coverings. Rich fittings.

Its lens—Kodak Anastigmat *f*.4.5—is so large that plenty of light gets in to make good exposures in dull weather.

Kodak Six-16 (for 2½ x 4¼ inch pictures) with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.4.5 is $30; with the *f*.6.3, $17; and with other equipment, $13. Kodak Six-20 (for 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures) with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.4.5 is $28; with the *f*.6.3, $15; and with other equipment $12.

For a special gift, or for yourself, see the new Kodak—at your dealer's. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

KODAK SIX-16

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obtain that it is tasted by the Eskimos only at rare intervals, and to have thirty carcasses from which they could cut a slice whenever they wished seemed too good to be true. And that was not all. Their minds were definitely relieved of any anxiety regarding food for the winter. We had been particular to see that we had enough walrus to last the Eskimos until spring sealing.

In this we were following a precedent established by Dad.

Why Nature Now Goes Back to Normalcy in Winsted

NEVER AGAIN will the two-headed garter-snake prefer pollywogs on one side and wrens' eggs on the other. Never again will the cat with a harelip whistle "Yankee Doodle."

Never again will the bulldog with a maternity complex sit three weeks on eggs abandoned by a modernistic hen.

Louis Timothy Stone, the creator of these and a hundred other fantasies on the borderland of town and country tall-story stuff, will send out no more dispatches to make the name of Winsted familiar on the front pages of metropolitan papers.

His was the wit that gave birth to the baldhead who banished flies by painting a spider on his dome, and the spinster's cow that modestly refused to let a man milk her.

In his inventive fancy he was allied to an earlier, classic school of American humor, embracing Artemas Ward, Max Adeler, and the early Mark Twain, but in execution he added a new note. Instead of laboring to clothe his funny fancies in funnier language, he stript them down to the stark essentials of a news dispatch, keeping his own personality out of it.

It was great art, and it put Winsted on the map, but it didn't put "Lou" Stone on Easy Street as a highly paid humorist.

By courtesy of The Editor and Publisher

Louis Timothy Stone: He Put Winsted and Its Fauna on the Map

Latterly he was treasurer and general manager of the Winsted *Evening Citizen*, relates Marlen Pew in *The Editor and Publisher*. Apropos of the passing of this "wizard story-teller," the "shining success example of country correspondents," Mr. Pew writes:

He gave his best effort to *The Citizen's* routine work, and regarded as a side-line his correspondence for the Boston *Globe*, Boston *Post*, New York *World*, Springfield *Republican* and Associated Press. However, it was the side-line that made Mr. Stone an American journalistic celebrity.

This country correspondent did more to put Winsted on the map than could a dozen boosters' clubs and chambers of commerce.

Many editors have believed that the man might have become an American literary immortal had he been willing to organize his imaginative writing, giving full play to his extraordinary fancies.

He chiefly concerned himself with the affairs of animal life, much more numerous and interesting, as he saw things, than the affairs of human beings. He attributed to animals human instincts. A man dropt his false teeth in a pool, and when last seen they were being used by a big-mouthed bass to nibble peanut brittle. A garage explosion so shook up a cow that she gave butter. A rooster happened to board a local train, discovered the train was moving, flew to the bell-cord and signaled the engineer to stop.

Lou Stone was always realistic. He wrote calmly, never with the shrill note which cheapens much humor. I have always imagined his favorite humorist must have been Bill Nye.

His first successful fake was about the "Winsted wild man." Mr. Stone happened to be in need of about $150. and decided to get it from the New York and Boston papers. So he queried on a fair August day, in 1895, to the effect that a wild man, stark naked, had chased a town official and was terrorizing the countryside.

The query was too good, for instead of ordering the story, the metropolitan city editors rushed staff men to the scene.

Stone met the out-of-town men at *The Citizen's* office and told them just where to look, and thus guided them along the trail of his own fancy. Nobody could be found who had actually seen the wild man, but many persons were ready to aver that somebody had told them that somebody had seen the wicked brute, here or there, and thus the pursuit was continued for two weeks, making much copy for every one but the unhappy author of the hoax. The late "Deacon" Terry, of the old New York *Recorder*, a famous reporter in his day and intimate friend of Lou Stone, by some unexplained circumstance was first to tell the wondering world that the Winsted wild man was, indeed, only a stray jackass that had taken to the woods, and to publish exclusively a picture of the ferocious beast that had caused all the hue and cry.

Mr. Stone never admitted that he found a way to claim his $150 from the story.

HE always wrote a fish story for New Year's Day editions, Mr. Pew tells us, adding, "Here's his most famous one, wherein he reveals a bit of his artistry":

"Winsted, Jan. 1.—Jim, Pete and Dick, the tunneling trout of Winsted, ate their usual New Year's dinner here to-day from a silver spoon held in the unwavering hand of Louis Timothy Stone. The meal consisted of a couple of pounds of raw liver cut into six-inch strips, well-seasoned, and a couple of thimblefuls of coffee.

"When the lid of the spring was raised, the three trout who have been in the newspaper business long enough to keep their mouths shut, rose to the surface, kept their elbows off the bank and waited for action on the part of Mr. Stone whose nature stories are about twice as raw as the liver.

"When the great Winsted correspondent lowered the meat on the silver spoon, the trout gave three fresh-water cheers and took a strip of the meat apiece. They then got into line, swam in the form of Mr. Stone's three initials, backfired once, and sank out of sight, as they have each year since Mr. Stone took up journalism. As soon as Mr. Stone could get his fountain-pen to leak normally he placed his annual report of the trout meal on paper and communicated with the press of the world by telegraph."

In its news columns *The Herald Tribune* prints two verses of a tribute to Mr. Stone written a few years ago:

I've often wished to see the town
Of Winsted;
So many things have brought renown
To Winsted,
The papers tell, each day or two,
Of things that Winsted creatures do;
All nature seems to be askew
In Winsted.

The snakes hunt down the golfer's ball
In Winsted;
The fish get out on land and crawl
Through Winsted.
The cows eat apples by the sack
And give milk punch and applejack,
While hens learn how to swim and quack
In Winsted.

The writer adds a prose pot-pourri of the nature tales pouring out of Winsted:

A Connecticut squirrel was shining its owner's shoes with its tail. Eleven ducks were pelted to death by a hail-storm and served up on Winsted dinner-tables the following Sunday. An alligator was found near Highland Lake.

Some of Mr. Stone's biographers seem to be under the impression that Theodore Roosevelt's denunciation of "nature fakers," early in the century, was directed at the story-teller of Winsted, but more mature chroniclers aver that the Presidential wrath was aimed at a school of novelists and magazine naturalist-romancers, like Ernest Thompson-Seton, who, in writing imaginary biographies of wild animals, represented them as swayed by human motives. "Lou" Stone never profest to be a naturalist.

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The Speeds of the Future

SPEEDS more than twice as great as those now developed in airplanes, automobiles, and speedboats are predicted by Dr. Gustav Egloff of Chicago.

Dr. Egloff is an oil chemist, who is an expert on motor fuels.

He is thus quoted in a press bulletin of the American Chemical Society (New York):

Motors have driven airplanes in excess of 400 miles an hour, motor-cars more than 250, and speedboats more than 120.

Common cruising speeds for modern motor-cars are now about sixty-five miles an hour. Ten years ago the average speed of motor-car operation was thirty-five.

Lubricating oils have been developed to meet not alone present motor-car requirements but an immense amount of research is going on to anticipate lubrication needs of the future, when more than double the speeds of those now in use are attained.

HIGH-SPEED operation of automobiles, airplanes, and speedboats, Dr. Egloff finds, have resulted in the perfection of new extreme-pressure lubricants and synthetic lubricating oils to meet the demand. He goes on:

These mighty speeds of the present day have thrown a burden upon the oil industry to provide lubricants which will keep the moving mechanisms apart. Few realize the vast difference in lubrication requirements between an engine driven at sixty-five miles an hour and one driven at thirty-five. Up to thirty-five lubrication affords few problems, but at sixty-five and for 400 miles an hour the punishment of lubricating oil is most severe.

Gasolines have been definitely improved during the past year so as to give better motor-car performance, speedier pick-up, faster getaway, more power output, more miles per gallon, and a smoother operating motor.

The volatility of gasoline is now controlled so as to meet the temperature conditions of the four seasons of the year. During winter months gasoline is more volatile, vaporizes and ignites more readily than the gasoline produced during the summer. Controlled volatility makes the motor snap into action quickly, and prevents any chances of vapor locking the motor so that it can not operate.

The anti-knock properties of motor fuels have been markedly improved during the past year.

Much of the research continuously conducted in the oil industry, declares Dr. Egloff, is directed toward improving the anti-knock qualities of gasoline. One of the outstanding developments of this study, he adds, has been the adoption by motor manufacturers of higher compression ratios for their motors. He points out:

It is significant that nine years ago only 4 per cent. of all the cars manufactured had a compression pressure of five to one and over, whereas in 1933 more than 93 per cent. of the cars have a compression pressure of five to one and over. This improvement in compression, or greater power output, of motor-cars could not have taken place without the growth and development of the "cracking" process which produces high anti-knock gasolines.

"Her skin trouble vanished—*thanks to Yeast*"

reports DR. RICHTER *of Berlin*

"She had a blotchy skin and boils . . ."

Dr. Richter is head of the Dept. of Dermatology, Surgical Clinic, University of Berlin. He says: "The patient was constipated, had a blotchy skin and furunculosis (boils) on face . . . I prescribed yeast*. It corrected her constipation. *Her complexion troubles vanished.*"

"I was seriously worried about my skin, too!"

"One of my close relatives started me eating yeast," *writes Catherine Elliott of Bon Air, Virginia.* "He had been bothered with pimples all his life. His doctor gave him Fleischmann's Yeast . . . I was worried about my skin, too. So I tried yeast to get rid of the poisons in my system . . . It wasn't long before I noticed improvement in *my* skin. My tiredness left, too. There's nothing like Fleischmann's Yeast!"

DR. Wilhelm Richter, of Berlin, is the author of over sixty important medical articles. He states:—

"Most skin troubles can be traced directly to the intestines. Constipation leads to poisons . . . which are absorbed into the blood, causing frequent headaches, coated tongue, bad breath" . . . *and bad skin!*

Yet as Dr. Richter says—"relief from such troubles is now very easy. In long-standing cases of constipation and skin disorders I prescribe *fresh yeast.*"

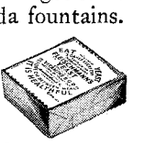
Since yeast is a food you can eat it regularly—three cakes a day. After a few weeks you should notice these effects:—

Your bowels should be "regular." That's because yeast "tones" your intestines—stimulates their natural action. Your digestion should be better. That is because your digestive juices again flow healthily and normally.

And, finally, you should have greater energy—fewer headaches—and a skin free of blemishes . . . as yeast cleanses your system—purifies it—attacks and clears away the accumulated wastes in your body that were poisoning you!

Won't *you* try Fleischmann's Yeast? Just eat 3 cakes a day, following the directions on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

***IMPORTANT**—Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G, D—the kind doctors advise.



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Unquestionably the finest value in a man's hat ever offered to the world. Drastic lowering of price. Definite improvements in quality. New spring styles in many colors.

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This brim edge, not cut or trimmed, but formed in the making of the hat, is smart and distinctive. Hats with this brim are **$7**

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This edge is molded to the brim by a patented Stetson process. It gives a permanence of line never possible with bound or raw edges. Hand-finished from selected fur, in varied styles. **$10**

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Superior quality, value, and style contribute to Stetson's growing leadership. To wear a Stetson is real "overhead economy."

John B. Stetson Company

Philadelphia New York London Paris

A Jean Valjean of the Wilderness

STILL weak and dizzy from the crash, the prisoner stood in the midst of the storm and looked about him.

There on the shore of the lake was the wreck of the plane in which an officer of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was carrying him back to civilization, and prison.

A dead man sprawled in the snow. That was the pilot. Wedged in the wreck, badly injured and unconscious, was the officer. Two other men, passengers, had been thrown clear. They, too, were unconscious.

He was free again! Injured tho he was and despite the storm which had sent the plane to destruction, he could flee into the wilderness and resume the life of a trapper which his arrest had cut short. There was nothing to stop him. James Joseph "Buster" Whiteway did not hesitate. He chose the alternative. With prison staring him in the face "he saved his captors at the price of his own liberty," and added his name to the long roll of criminals turned heroes.

When Hugo created *Jean Valjean*, the enemy of society whose soul came to life in a crisis, he fixt a type that would rivet attention forever. Of "Buster" Whiteway's crime we read in *Every Week Magazine:*

In the late evening of the 16th of September, 1932, Paul Reibourg, storekeeper and postmaster in a little side-station called Bay Trail, in the Province of Saskatchewan, was preparing to close up for the night.

The first hint of winter was in the air; it was already dark.

Feet stamped on the board planking outside the store, the door swung open, and three men, roughly drest, came in. Reibourg moved forward in the narrow alley behind his home-made counter to wait on these late customers.

"Have you any soda biscuits?" the first man asked. Reibourg turned to the shelves.

"Now put 'em up." The command was in a low and steady voice.

Reibourg put his hands up, but wheeled around to face the bandits. He looked into the muzzle of a gun.

The robbers were not gentle. They backed him to a rear room, bound and gagged him, and tossed him in a corner. Then, methodically, they went through his store.

The cash taken amounted to only about $100, but the bandits cleaned up on Reibourg's stock. Neighbors found the storekeeper late that night, still tied hand and foot and unable to make a sound, and the inventory of his missing goods ran into an amazing total.

Sweaters, shirts, overalls, socks, boots, tobacco, food—the bandits had loaded up a big touring car, and were far away.

Mounted-police circulars, with descriptions of the men, went out, but there were no arrests.

Then, late in December, detective work around the Bay Trail area resulted in another circular, asking police officials to pick up "Buster" Whiteway, if he could be found, as one of the Bay Trail bandit gang.

Illustrations by courtesy of *Every Week Magazine*

He Saved His Captor's Life

TURNING aside for a moment, we learn something about Whiteway. "Buster was not unknown in northern circles. He is a descendant of an old Hudson's Bay Company factor family. Born twenty-five years ago at Berens River, he has trapt and prospected the North, with occasional forays farther south in search of work of any kind when the fur market slipt downward and mineral claims were a drug on the mining exchange." And now back to the narrative:

A circular announcing Buster as a wanted man eventually reached Norway House, where Corporal Percy Graves is in charge of the Mounted post.

Graves knew Buster, and reports were that he had a trap line at Cross Lake, north of Norway. Graves sped northward with a dog team to find that Buster had moved farther on.

On the corporal went again, and one late evening he reined in his dogs before a trapper's cabin. Buster was frying bacon on the stove inside.

That was the end of that trail. Graves took Buster back to Norway House, and radioed out that he had his man.

Radio orders came back the next day

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Tablecloth Artists...

have you ever tried Mongol Colored Pencils?

ARE you a tablecloth artist? Then be up-to-date! Make your sketches and notations *stand out.* Use the new Mongol Colored Pencil. That's the way to get attention!

Yes—and color psychology works just as well in the office. It means a lot to have your O. K's and memos in vivid, eye-catching color. But perhaps you've steered clear of colored pencils. Perhaps you found them a nuisance, with their soft, fat, clumsy leads, crumbling under the slightest pressure, and needing to be sharpened every other stroke. If so, the new Mongol will make a big hit.

It has a strong, thin lead. Writes smoothly and clearly. Sharpens to a needle-point. Stands all kinds of pressure. Gives brilliant color. Wears down slowly.

Try the new Mongol for the sake of better results and economy. At leading stationers everywhere—10¢ each.

FREE—*Artists, Designers, Statisticians—anyone using color at home or in the office—write for Folder telling how YOU CAN PAINT with Mongol Colored Pencils, brush and water. Address Eberhard Faber Pencil Co., Dept. L334, 37 Greenpoint Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

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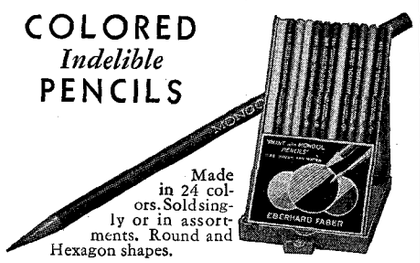

Made in 24 colors. Sold singly or in assortments. Round and Hexagon shapes.

EBERHARD FABER

that Pilot Spence of the Spence McDonough Airways would call for him and his prisoner to take them to The Pas. From that point a Saskatchewan escort would pick up the wanted man and take him back to the scene of the September hold-up.

And so on the fatal Friday afternoon, the 13th of January, Spence's plane came down to a landing at the police post at Norway House, and Corporal Graves and the prisoner climbed aboard.

The cabin was crowded. Ernest Robinson, prospector, and L. L. Cooke, the mechanic, with their gear, the policeman and the prisoner packed into the narrow space.

Pilot Spence turned his machine into the north wind and gave her the gun. A blizzard was threatening then, but The Pas was only 150 miles away, and Spence had covered many a northern trail in far worse weather.

The airplane climbed into the gray sky and headed west.

Mrs. Graves stood in the doorway of the Mounted Police post and watched it face away into the gathering storm.

THEN, tragedy and heroism. Fishermen on lonely Moose Lake heard the hum of the airplane's motor, but because of the swirling snow they could not see it. Out of the storm the plane came down over the lake shore, touching the tree tops as it swept in. And then the crash:

Pilot Spence, flying almost blind, misjudged his landing. He did not realize the hard-packed snow above the lake ice was so close beneath him. He was side-slipping; coming with the wind.

One wing-tip caught the snow and the wing ripped off; the big Fairchild roared on to disaster in the northern evening, twisting itself to a mass of wreckage.

Three men were hurled from the cabin, one coming through the roof, to lie unconscious on the snow.

No one knows how long they lay there, but it was half an hour, or more. At last one struggled painfully to his feet and limped toward the wreck.

It was "Buster" Whiteway, the prisoner.

Now he stood in the wilderness and storm, his companions a dead pilot and three unconscious and helpless men. There was nothing to keep him from escaping.

But "Buster" Whiteway's heroic action in the next hour saved three lives. From the wreckage of the cabin he lifted Corporal Graves, who had trailed him across the north country and arrested him. Then he removed Robinson.

A few yards away the body of Pilot Spence had fallen across the unconscious form of Cooke. Spence was dead.

Cooke was still living, altho his hands were already frozen and his body had been bruised and broken in the crash. Whiteway rescued Cooke and covered the suffering hands against the biting frost.

THE prisoner himself, we are told, had a fractured ankle and "he was half delirious, but he saw a shore-line through the murky evening and half walked, half crawled toward it." Continuing:

His bushman's instinct was to light a fire and bring the injured men within its glow, where they could at least be warmed.

Half-way toward the fringe of trees—it was Bacon's Island, a rocky outcropping in the middle of Moose Lake—Whiteway sighted a fish caboose moving across the

Jessica Dragonette

N. B. C. Artist

What a shame to force her clear, lyric notes to come through weak, wavering tubes! Have your set tested today—replace worn-out tubes with the world's finest. Quality up—prices down.

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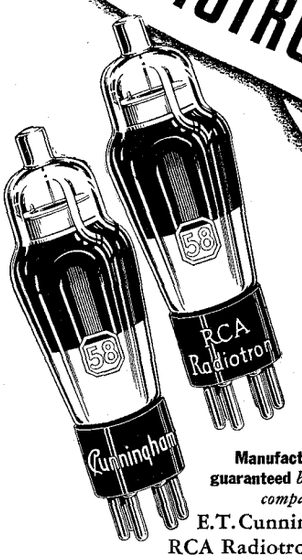

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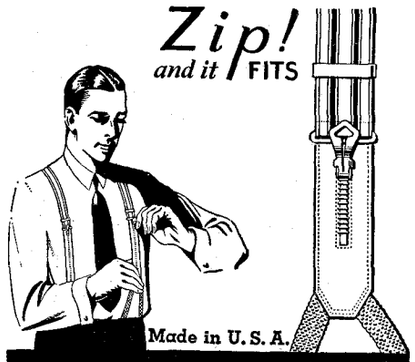

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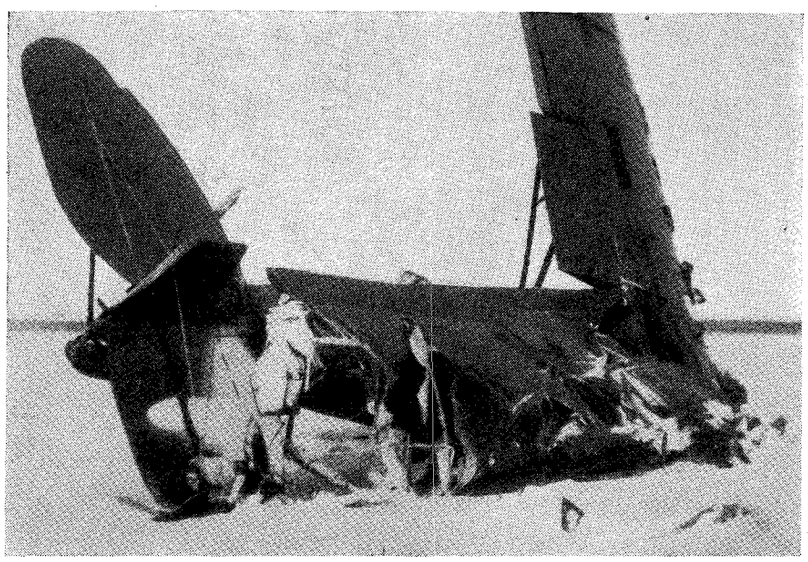
lake with the day's last load. Those men represented the only help in perhaps twenty miles of barrenness and blizzard.

The prisoner called, but the fish caboose moved on. Vainly he threw his voice into the wind, but he was not heard. The caboose rounded the island's end and was out of sight.

It was a hopeless moment, but Whiteway struggled on. Then the wind brought him a cheering sound—the yowling of a husky dog, perhaps half a mile away. With renewed hope the man prest forward, calling as he went.

A man in the fish camp, bedding down his horses for the night, stopt suddenly, went to the rough doorway and listened intently. He heard Whiteway's renewed cry and, some time later, the prisoner was in the shelter and warmth of the fishing huts, and careful hands were lifting dead and injured from the wreckage in the snow where the big plane had come to grief.



After the Crash That Freed the Prisoner

RELAYS of Indian runners started through the storm to reach the railway, forty miles away by bush trail, to telegraph word to the outside and bring in medical attention. Reading on:

The news came to The Pas, Manitoba, the next day at noon and, altho the storm still whined over the country, a pilot with Dr. N. G. Trimble and a Mounted Police officer took off. It was hours before they found the fish camp, and their efforts made an epic story also.

When the survivors of the tragedy were brought back to civilization, Buster was in pretty bad shape. He was taken to St. Anthony's Hospital in The Pas, where he spent the next few weeks dragging about on crutches, his left foot in a cast.

Cooke, the mechanic, has lost every finger of both hands, and Graves is still in bed while broken ribs and collar-bones knit to sufficient strength to allow him to return to duty. Robinson has recovered and is gone.

Pilot Spence is in his grave—where, in all probability, all of them would be if it had not been for the bravery of "Buster" Whiteway, prisoner of the corps that always gets its men.

With his leg still encased in a plaster cast, Whiteway appeared in court at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, more than a month later and pleaded guilty to the robbery charge. He was sentenced to six months in jail, the sentence to date from the time of his arrest, January 7.

This sentence was unprecedentedly light for a charge of robbery, and it was explained that especial lenience was being shown because of Whiteway's heroic rescue of his companions after the crash.

Usually, for an offense like that of which Whiteway had been accused, the courts in that part of Canada give a stiff penitentiary term, with lashes at the whipping-post.

When he appeared before the judge, Whiteway told the court that he had been "railroaded into the robbery" by the leader of the gang. He pointed out that he himself did not carry a gun until the ringleader put one into his hands and told him to "cover" the postmaster while he was being bound.

This plea may have had some weight with the court, altho the Mounted Police were inclined to regard it as fantastic. It was generally taken for granted, after the hearing had been completed, that the sole reason for leniency was the heroism and self-sacrifice Whiteway had shown after the accident.

He could have escaped. Instead, he stayed on the scene and saved his comrades' lives—at the cost of his own freedom.

And the authorities, recognizing this, rewarded him with a light sentence.

Kiss the Keg.—A kind-hearted English vicar one day observed an old woman laboriously pushing a pram up a steep hill. He volunteered his assistance, and when they reached the top of the hill said, in answer to her thanks:

"Oh, it's nothing at all. I'm delighted to do it. But as a little reward, may I kiss the baby?"

"Baby? Lor' bless you, sir," she returned, "it ain't no baby, it's the old man's beer."—*New York World-Telegram.*

Where's the Lady's Other Eye?—Lights in the house until two and three o'clock in the morning doesn't mean the family is still up trying to figure out how to meet the $50's worth of expenses due with the 50 cents that's left—they're simply determined to get that dern jig saw together before they go to bed.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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"The Blond Men of the Chaco"

WAR has found them—war, the most dreaded of the civilized plagues from which they fled to the jungle.

They are Mennonites, who migrated to Paraguay from Canada a few years ago.

All they sought was freedom to live their own lives according to the devout and simple style of Christianity preached by Menno Simons, the sixteenth-century Anabaptist evangelist in the Netherlands.

Hateful to them were the luxuries and complexities of a machine civilization. Its intrusions and persecutions left them no peace. With the cooperation of the Paraguayan authorities, they turned hopefully to the Chaco as a remote region where they could invite their souls with hard labor and devout living.

War was to them the most terrible of sins against the soul and God, but they launched a peaceful war with the wilderness, seeking to subdue the jungle soil to the service of man through agriculture.

To the swarthy natives they became known as "the blond men of the Chaco," and only good was spoken of them, altho it was sometimes whispered that they served strange gods.

And now the great plague and curse of mankind, from which their sect has been fleeing for four hundred years, has found them out in their jungle farms. Some rumors of this have drifted into print lately, and now THE DIGEST finds a first-hand war-time account of these colonists by an Argentine correspondent. We translate the dispatch from the same Bolivian paper—*La Razon*, of La Paz—from which we published in a recent issue a Bolivian soldier's impressions of the warfare in "Green Hell" between Bolivia and Paraguay.

THE Argentine correspondent writes:

I have just completed a difficult trip over the terrain which separates Kilometer 145 from this military post.

Contrary to what has been imagined, this is not a deserted region. En route we came across numerous cattle farms stocked with thousands of high-grade animals, and, flanking the roadway on both sides, we saw the thirty-six sun-bleached villages of these hardy Mennonites who are colonizing the Chaco, that was always considered hostile and sterile.

On the road we met with a Mennonite caravan of carts. I leapt down from the motor lorry, in which I was traveling, to bargain for some provisions, but I had misgivings as to how I could make myself understood by these colonists from Canada, whose language is a curious mixture of English, German, and Russian. A Paraguayan acted as my interpreter, and I was able to buy eggs, a little white bread, and a small quantity of meat.

Through my "linguist" I inquired whence they had come, and, to my great surprize, these men of the soil, avowed and proved enemies of warfare, had come from interviewing Colonel Estigarribia (Commander of the Paraguayan forces in the Chaco), to whom they had offered their humble contribution for the defense of Paraguay.

The colonies are young, we are told, having been started in 1927 and 1928, and production is still on a small scale, but "they went to tender the little that they have, even their carts, for they know that soon the heavy rains will paralyze road travel to such an extent that ox-drawn carts will be the only vehicles they can use. It is touching," adds the correspondent, "to see these farmers from Europe and North America, unacquainted as yet with the Spanish language, identifying themselves with the Paraguayan cause." We read on:

Always relying upon my interpreter, I continued my inquiries and learned that the war, at the outset, produced a brief panic in the colonies. The troops from the plateau were advancing victoriously, had already fallen upon Fort Boqueron and were preparing to march on Isla Poi, from which place the colonies are virtually only a step away.

The Paraguayan high command, in view of the danger menacing the colonists, issued an order for evacuation. These hard-working men, embracing their wives and children, wept over the fields where they had toiled and sweated and pondered on what should now be done.

They could not possibly travel with all their farm implements. They would have to bury their tools to save them from the thieving Indians, for the carts would hold only the women, the children and sufficient food for the long days on the road.

War, from which they had fled in leaving Europe, had caught them even in the midst of the forest where they never thought to hear the roar of cannon.

The very day that the caravan was to start, a messenger arrived: a soldier bringing, from the Paraguayan high command, permission for the Mennonites to remain on their land, as the army had arrived, prepared to drive back the enemy.

The jubilation of the "blond men of the Chaco" was unbounded. Again they wept, but on this occasion their tears sprang from joyful emotions. Once more they were the owners of their strips of land. Once more the fields would receive their watchful care. Once more these people, who had never found a haven of rest, would have a "home country," a Paraguayan "patria."

The solidarity of the Mennonites with Paraguay was already established, but, before the outbreak of hostilities in the Chaco, owing to their religious beliefs, they did not care to take part in the war. However, this first stand of isolation and neutrality has been abandoned. They have thrown open their homes to the officers, have entertained the soldiers, and tho they know nothing of strategy or tactics, they do know that the roads will soon be impassable for trucks, so they offered their carts which are the very soul of their labors.

That is how, in this time of crisis, the colonists are repaying Paraguay's hospitality, proving their gratitude for the land and for the future she has given them.

Bam!—DAUGHTER (discussing latest conquest)—"One thing about Reggie, Father—he's a real out-of-doors man."

FATHER—"Good! That's just where I shall put him."—*London Opinion.*

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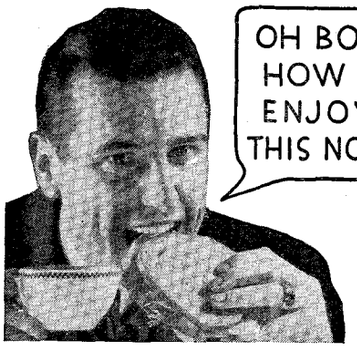

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American Outcry at German Jew-Baiting

(*Continued from page 4*)

However, a later Paris dispatch from the New York *Times* reports a diminution in the Jewish exodus from Germany, and hope that Chancellor Hitler has been able to restrain his followers from outrages on Jews.

The German Consul-General in New York says "rumors" of atrocities "belong to the realm of myth and imagination," and promises that "undisciplined acts of individuals" will be prevented in the future.

"The Terror in Germany," "Playing With Fire," "Nazis Drunk With Power" are characteristic head-lines of editorials in American newspapers dealing with the anti-Semitic outbreak in Germany.

Germany is relaxing into barbarism, flatly declares the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Germany, in the words of the Sacramento *Bee*, "plays Judas to her own finest traditions." Chancellor Hitler's appeal for national unity came to the ears of the Hartford *Courant* with "the bitter accent of a cynical jest—what is being encouraged in Germany is not patriotic unity, but civil war; not fraternity, but a pogrom." Such papers as the Charleston *News and Courier*, Lynchburg *News*, Lancaster *Intelligencer-Journal*, and Tulsa *World* see Germany practically giving up her rank as a civilized nation of the modern world. Of course such terrorism need not astonish us, comments the Chicago *Tribune*, since it accompanies "nearly every intense civil conflict," but such reflections, we are told, "can not be used to ease the conscience of the Hitlerite authorities."

THE one consolation seen by many of our editors is the feeling that Hitler can not last long. In the words of the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, "Hitler is on top in Germany just now, but in all probability he will topple before long." "The Hitler highway of usurpation will ultimately lead to destruction," is the opinion of the Louisville *Herald-Post;* "it will end at the foot of the precipice." It seems to the Lowell *Courier-Citizen* that Hitler is overplaying his hand, and deliberately inviting civil war. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* can not believe "that such intolerance can escape reaction and retribution." The Baltimore *Sun* does not see how a government guilty of such excesses can be expected to remain long in power. That Hitler "will continue to dominate the German scene through the uncivilized tactics that have shocked the world during the last few weeks is inconceivable" to the Trenton *Times*.

Hitler's Jew-baiting program proves him to be "an inherently weak character," says the South Bend *Tribune*, concluding that therefore "Hitler may be decidedly too optimistic when he pictures himself as Germany's Mussolini for at least four years." The San Francisco *Chronicle*, also comparing Hitler with Mussolini,

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concludes that the German is weak where the Italian is strong, as shown by his making unnecessary enemies of the Jews in Germany and throughout the world. *The New Republic* makes the point that the "German labor movement is too solidly founded to be shattered by government brutality or swerved from its course by Nationalist intoxication," and hence, "even tho its leaders are exiled, in prison, or murdered, and its organizations perhaps forbidden by decree, German labor will continue to threaten the security of the new dictatorship."

But whatever Hitler's own fate, there is a wide-spread conviction in this country that he is doing Germany almost infinite harm by driving out a people containing so many individuals of eminence in business and in the arts. The new dictator is seriously impoverishing his country, argue the Utica *Press*, Kansas City *Star*, Wichita *Beacon*, Tulsa *Tribune*, and Los Angeles *Times*. Hitler's tactics, in the words of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "are draining Germany of her best minds." "From the shadow of the tomb of Abraham Lincoln," *The State Register* of Springfield (Ill.) adds its protest, and says:

"Social justice will crush Hitler if he follows his futile efforts to crush the Jew.

"Morally this persecution will react with a terrific blow to Germany. Commercially she will suffer from a boycott being planned among Jews throughout the world against Germany."

PERHAPS the greatest danger into which Hitler has run Germany is the loss of the friendship of other nations, notes the Springfield *Republican*, speaking for a large number of our dailies. "It must alienate sympathy with Germany's struggle to force the revision of the peace treaties and regain her old 'place in the sun,'" and also "put a new strain on the relation between the Reich and the United States."

These arguments are repeated by the Hartford *Courant*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Charleston *Daily Mail*, New Orleans *Item*, Milwaukee *Journal*, Richmond *Times-Leader*, Chattanooga *News*, Mobile *Press Register*, Macon *News*, Atlanta *Constitution*, Grand Rapids *Herald*, Akron *Beacon-Journal*, Minneapolis *Star*, and Indianapolis *Star*.

This is the question raised by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

"Old Germany used to complain of being ringed about with enemies. Do the Hitlerites imagine that, with France still hostile, it will be ringed about even in part by friends if it pursues a course particularly obnoxious to the United Kingdom and to the United States?"

Hitler may proclaim Germany innocent of war guilt, but, remarks the Kansas City *Journal Post*, "the behavior of his followers is making war guilt an academic subject"—

"Germany is guilty of wholesale murder of innocent men, women, and children. In the face of that fact, who in 1933 cares who started the war? Germany is becoming morally isolated so fast that she soon will be unable to count upon having allies in a possible dispute with France. Hitler, the man who wants to abolish the Treaty of Versailles, is playing into the hands of the nation determined to uphold that Treaty.

"What's the matter with the Germans? Can't they be happy unless ruled by a fraud, a Kaiser Wilhelm, or an Adolf Hitler? Will they never learn to anticipate the thoughts and emotions of other peoples?"

WHAT should the world do in the face of the Nazi frenzy against the Jews? "The whole weight of world disapproval should be summoned to stop this tragic situation," answers the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, "to impress upon the present rulers of Germany that the world will not permit a return to the dark ages." "If there ever was a time in recent history for marshaling world public opinion against such brutality and bigotry, such a time is now," asserts the Providence *Journal*, whose sentiments are echoed by papers like the Boston *Transcript*, Wilmington *Every Evening*, and Portland *Oregonian*.

Diplomatic reproof by the governments of the world is essential, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Record*, which adds that "the violation of at least seven American citizens gives this country, for one, a reason for sharp protest." The same point is made by the Nashville *Banner*. It seems to the Youngstown (Ohio) *Vindicator* that the State Department should be able to make it clear to Hitler that continuance in the present course will cost Germany her best friend. "Humanity alone, to say nothing of Christian duty, would call insistently for an American protest," says the Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman*, which is convinced that:

"There is no excuse at all for the persecuting tactics of the German mobs, and humanity itself is being violated. To ignore this reign of terror in the German Republic and to ignore the suffering of a people who deserve better things would be to embrace the cynical philosophy of him who, in the dawn of history, sneeringly inquired, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

BUT, perhaps, some of these other nations which are so indignant over the reign of terror accompanying the rule of Hitler are not altogether without responsibility, reflects the Topeka *Capital:* "that the German race stands to-day for Hitlerism is significant of the deep-seated resentment of the German people, which can be reconciled only by eventual revision of the Treaty of Versailles." Any man looking back, so the Richmond *News Leader* argues, "can see plainly that Republican Germany, which is now disdainfully interred, was not slain by Fascists, but by the French"—

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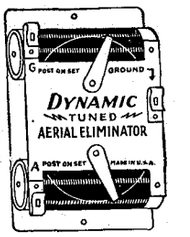

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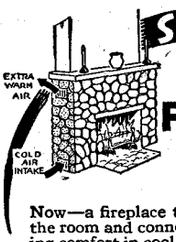

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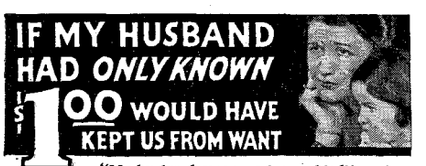

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Mild Cheer for Chain Stores

ONE ROUND FOR THE CHAIN STORES.

That is how it seemed to the chain-store people when they heard of that Supreme Court decision in the Florida case.

A number of operators, according to their national association, said they could "see the beginning of the end of the long-drawn-out battle that has been waged for the past several years to place special and very heavy tax burdens on the operation of chain stores." It seemed to them as tho the United States Supreme Court was coming over to their side in interrupting "an unbridled campaign of taxing chain stores."

But these executives must be easily pleased, comments *The Business Week*, while the New York *Journal of Commerce*, also carefully considering the decision, can not see that it affords much ground for jubilation on the part of the chains. While the Supreme Court does knock out the Florida chain-store tax, in *The Business Week's* opinion "it plainly intimates all it needs is a little revision, while Justice Brandeis, dissenting, would go even further with granting States authority to regulate trade."

As this magazine reviews the decision, four main points were brought before the court by the lawyers for chain stores. On three of these points alleging discrimination, or undue interference, the Supreme Court upheld the State law. But it knocked out the law on one plea. It seems that the Florida law, besides taxing and regulating all chain stores doing business in the State, laid special stress on county lines and imposed a tax 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. heavier upon stores of a chain spread through two or more counties of Florida than upon those concentrated in a single county. County lines apparently, in the words of *The Business Week*, seemed to the Supreme Court "too whimsical and irrational a basis for classification for tax purposes." Or, to quote the majority decision as read by Mr. Justice Roberts:

> As we have held, graduation of the tax according to the number of units operated can not be said to be so unreasonable as to transcend the Constitutional powers of the Legislature.
>
> The addition of a store to an existing chain is a privilege, and an increase of the tax on all the stores for the privilege of expanding the chain can not be condemned as arbitrary; but an increase in the levy not only on a new store but on all old stores, consequent upon the mere physical fact that the new one lies a few feet over the county line, finds no foundation in reason or in any fact of business experience.

SHORN of this arbitrary county-line distinction, the New York *Journal of Commerce* thinks it quite "reasonable to conclude that the Supreme Court would not hesitate to uphold the validity of the Florida chain-store tax law." Therefore—

> The Florida decision as a result is far from reassuring to those who believe that the right to tax for the purpose of regulation or destruction is a dangerous exercise of power which ought to be used most circumspectly and always with due regard for the rights guaranteed under the Fourteenth Amendment.

With the majority decision, Justices Cardozo, Stone, and Brandeis dissented, but the two first did not go so far as to associate themselves with Mr. Justice Brandeis's minority opinion. In the opinion of this jurist, Florida has the right to "confer or withhold, as it sees fit," the right of a corporation to do business in the State. The aim of the Florida law, he says, is "social and economic" and "the chain store is treated as a thing menacing the public welfare." Justice Brandeis remarks further:

> There is the wide-spread belief that the existing unemployment is the result, in large part, of the gross inequality in the distribution of wealth and income which giant corporations have fostered; that by the control which the few have exerted through giant corporations individual initiative and effect are being paralyzed; that only by releasing from corporate control the faculties of the unknown many can Americans secure the moral and intellectual development which is essential to the maintenance of liberty.

Ruthless application of the Brandeis formula, comments the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "would deprive not only chain stores but all kinds of corporations of every vestige of protection against confiscatory taxation despite their Constitutional right to demand equal treatment under the Fourteenth Amendment."

And it seems to *Barron's Weekly* that even tho Mr. Justice Brandeis was alone in his opinion, "it nevertheless suggests that the size of business units must before long become an issue in our courts and legislative bodies":

> In earlier cases the United States Supreme Court has held that "mere size" is no offense, but in view of the persistent tendency of some State legislatures to put bounds upon the size of corporations by restricting the geographic scope of their operations or otherwise, and the toleration of such efforts by at least one member of the Supreme Court, one can hardly rest too comfortably in the familiar assumption that "mere size" has been finally disposed of as a socio-economic issue.

To *The New Republic*, however, it seems that:

> Mr. Justice Brandeis dissented on the sound basis that vast corporations control too large a share of America's wealth, and that their failure to redistribute their profits is one cause of our present economic difficulties. The problem before the country obviously is: How can the advantages of large-scale operation be preserved and the great corporations still be curbed?

Dislocated Prices Keep Us Depressed

"THE FAILURE OF ALL PRICES to go up and down together is one of the major causes of the depression."

So says Barnabas Bryan, Jr., in *The Annalist*, and he does more than just say so. He sets out to prove it by a chart which shows that the more prices are dislocated the lower goes the curve of business activity. This writer is convinced by the figures that both in this depression and the one of 1921, "the price dislocation was due to the failure of finished-goods prices to fall in proportion to the drop in raw-material prices."

For the last three years we have been trying to pull prices together by raising raw-material prices. "We have flooded the country with credit to carry goods and prevent insolvency. Yet we have failed to raise farm or other raw-material prices." The reason is that "raw materials are at the mercy of the world-wide application of the law of supply and demand, while the world continues to raise more wheat, to produce more copper, etc."

What we should do is to try to reduce finished-goods prices through cost deflation. It seems that the flood of credit by which we vainly try to raise raw-material prices has actually been effective in keeping up the prices of finished goods, "because it has enabled the industry to stay solvent by reducing production and shutting down plants in order to control supply of finished goods, and thus to maintain the prices of finished goods."

Admitting that prosperity depends on the healthy relation between different classes of prices, Mr. Bryan concludes:

1. The farm-allotment scheme is all wrong, because it will raise the curve instead of lowering it.
2. We shackle the machine with semimonopoly, fixt money salaries and wages, and unyielding interest payments, yet blame the price system for its failure to produce cheap goods.
3. This resulting price dislocation is more important to prosperity than the combined total of war debts, tariffs, and the decline in foreign trade.

We do not like to reduce the price of finished goods, and thereby raise the volume of business, because this can be done only by reducing expenses all along the line. The elements which make up the spread represented by the curve are salaries and wages, taxes, and government extravagance, rents, freight rates, too many bonds, graft, inefficiency, speculation, and excessive interest payments on bonds and mortgages.

When we yield to economic law and allow the price of finished goods to come down, raw-material prices will rise to meet them, and the depression will then come to an end.

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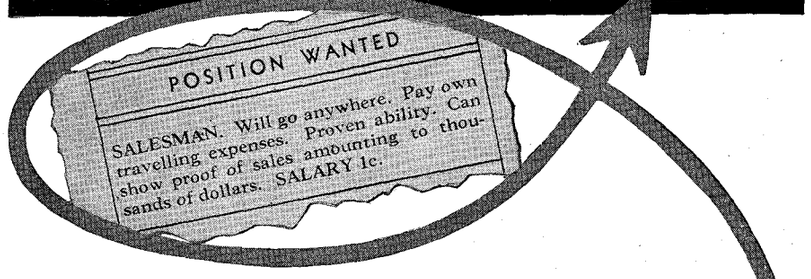
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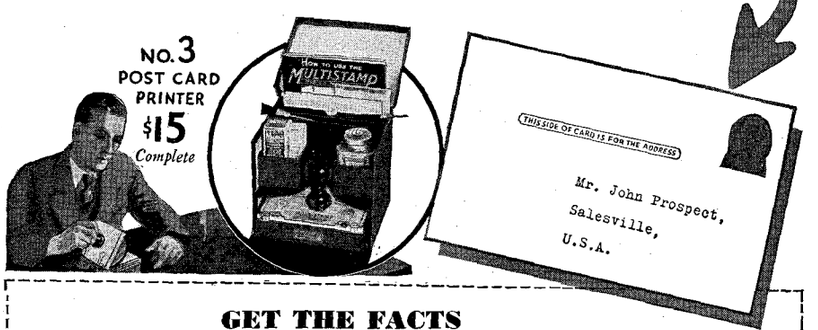

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Pass the Smelling Salts.—GUSHING YOUNG THING—"It was wonderful of you to drop ten thousand feet in a parachute. Do tell me your sensation."

BORED AVIATOR—"Oh—er—it was just a kind of sinking feeling."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Says the Dove of Peace.—Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Brown after a quarrel were making up at the ladies' bar.

"Well, Mrs. 'Iggins," said Mrs. Brown, "I bears yer no malice." She raised her glass. "So 'ere's lookin' at yer, an' 'eaven knows that's a heffort!"—*Answers (London).*

Born Hijacker.—A man who was motoring along a country road offered a stranger a lift. The stranger accepted. Shortly afterward the motorist noticed that his watch was missing.

Whipping out a revolver which he happened to be carrying, he dug it into the other man's ribs and exclaimed: "Hand over that watch!"

The stranger meekly complied before allowing himself to be booted out of the car. When the motorist returned home he was greeted by his wife.

"How did you get on without your watch?" she asked. "I suppose you know that you left it on your dressing-table?"—*Washington Labor.*

No Hero He.—Sambo was hired on a railway gang. At the close of the first shift he was all tired out and sought the boss.

"Mister, yo' sho' yo' all got me down on the pay-roll?"

"Sure," said the boss. "Here's your name—Sambo Simpson. That right?"

"Yes, suh," replied Sambo. "Ah just thought you might have me down as Samson."—*Unidentified.*

Let Slip the Dogs of War.—"Shall we have a friendly game of cards?"

"No, let's play bridge."—*Troy Times.*

Gallantry in a Nose Dive.—"Few men have the courage to leave their wives," says a magazine writer.

None but the brave desert the fair.—*Boston Transcript.*

Ear to the Ground.—"What is your opinion of the tariff?"

"It's a great question," replied Senator Sorghum, "on which I do not permit myself personal views. My public opinions are regulated largely by the lines of business in which my most influential constituents happen to be engaged."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Why Collectors Commit Murder.—"And this beautiful jar," said Jones, proudly exhibiting his treasures. "It cost me $50."

"Well, well, $50!" said his friend. "I suppose they threw in the marmalade."—*Boston Transcript.*

Patient Research.—A party of tourists were enjoying the wonders of the Grand Canyon. A native passing by was asked by the driver of the car:

"I say, neighbor, can you tell us what caused this terrible gorge?"

"Well, they say a Scotchman once owned a ranch near here, and one day he lost a golf-ball down a gopher hole."—*Chicago Record.*

It's All Up to John Citizen.—"Do you regard poker as a gentleman's game?"

"So far as that goes," replied Cactus Joe, "it's like every other game from politics to penny ante. Whether it's a gentleman's game or not depends entirely on who happens to be playin' it."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Voice from bed: "I say, for goodness' sake don't go losing that collar-stud!"
—"The Humorist" (London).

Cook's Vitamins.—"How is it the biscuits were so hard this morning, Mandy?"

"I'se sorry, ma'am, but Ah ain't feeling right pert this mawnin'. My system's kinda run down, so I eat the only yeast cake there was in the house."—*Boston Transcript.*

Waiting for the Cheer Leader.—"I suppose you will miss your boy while he is at college?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Corntassel, "I dunno what I'll do without him. He got the live stock so they won't move unless he gives 'em the college yell, an' I can't remember it."—*The Quill.*

Mending an Antique.—"So you think you would be a suitable valet for me," said the old man to the applicant. "I must remind you that I'm pretty much of a wreck. I have a glass eye, a cork leg, an artificial arm that needs looking after, not to mention a wig and false teeth."

"That would be all right, sir," responded the other. "I've had plenty of practise. You see, I once worked in the assembly-room of a big motor concern."—*Humorist.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Farm Relief.—Wanted—A man with family to milk. L. Bland, 3 mi. S., 1 mi. E. of Kerman.—*Fresno Bee-Republican.*

Getting Culture.—The wise college girl would rather go to school with a few things and add with a fork. When smooth add olives.—*Bremen (Ga.) paper.*

Watch That Omelet.—If you happen to sit on the floor to put on shoes and stockings, do a flop, lift eggs in air, wriggle the toes.—*San Francisco Call Bulletin.*

Should Be Muzzled.—The hand that helped Allen Cook here recently turned the tables and bit him.—*New York Sun.*

Practise Makes Perfect.—
MONOXID GAS
KILLED DRIVER
Will Be Repeated To-night In Lecture Theater on Campus
—*Colorado paper.*

Clothes and the Comet.—Experts at the University of California, under Prof. A. O. Leuschner of the astronomy department, figured out it will not be visible to the naked on its present trip earthward.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

All In?—Mrs. Robert S——, of Woodlawn Avenue, has been removed to her home after shopping in this city.—*Zanesville (O.) paper.*

Delivering the Goods.—The Health Service is doing its job very efficiently, as has been evidenced by the several epidemics on the campus during the present school year.—*Editorial in a Maine students' newspaper.*

Sound the Loud Timbrel.—
RAINEY SELECTED
FOR NEXT SPEALER
—*Paris (Ky.) paper.*

Why Not Brown Him?—
2 cups cooked Lima beans
½ cup cream
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
Cover and cook slowly 20 minutes. Add the butler, remove lid and boil gently 4 minutes.—*Oklahoma City Times.*

Sing It With Lutes.—A beautiful poem in Spanish, dedicated to the queen, was read to the strong, while files and files of worshiping subjects went up to the throng, while files and files of the Flower of the Carnival Gardens, the queen. And erelong, her majesty was nestled in a throne of beautiful bouquets, baskets of petals, their fragrance filling the air.—*Manila Tribune.*

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